

John Bull, December 26th, 1914.

IF THOSE ZEPPELINS COME! See page 27.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XVII. No. 447.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1914.

ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

For meaning of
this No. see
page 11. of cover.

Come the three corners of the
world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought
shall make us rue,
If *Britain* to itself do rest
but true.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.



Wait
Till I
Catch
You!

**Largest
Circulation
of any
Weekly
Journal
in the
World.**

"ZEPPELIN" PERIL COUPON.

(Insuring against A.I.C. Enemy Aircraft).

Name of Insured

Address

Age next Birthday

NOMINATION FORM.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the United Kingdom by Enemy Aircraft, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name

Address

to receive such sum as may become payable under the terms of the Insurance Scheme set out in "JOHN BULL."

This coupon must be signed by the Insured—or, in the case of children under twelve years of age—by their parents or legal guardians, and is available for London and twelve-mile radius till 8 a.m. Wednesday, December 30th, and all other parts of the United Kingdom till 8 a.m. Thursday, December 31st.

A REAL XMAS and NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

See page 13.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears a every week FIFTY of such numbers following issue.

To each of the holders of copies of any of such numbers we will, a publication (a reasonable extension claimants) of a sufficient portion number, pay the sum of ONE £100 endeavour for one week to increase paid we require a full report of all

aber, and

bearing days of Colonial date and his best money is

The following have sent in correct claims:—

WILLIAM PEACOCK, 27, Canonbury Road, Islington, N.
H. LEES, 2, Brackley Street, Oldham.
ALBERT E. HORNSEY, 85, Silverthorne Road, Battersea.
J. P. TAIT, 7, St. Cuthberts Place, Gateshead-on-Tyne.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of December 19th:—

001300	205593	338767	669825	846105
007516	219878	350809	678768	857351
013788	237064	455711	703489	887709
037398	231816	465379	728273	921530
051851	247005	492141	732111	937448
065900	264834	511202	750101	960021
127039	270299	553959	770266	971437
141143	305316	571021	804783	997642
170025	307955	630889	816180	A001863
195287	325402	633628	822609	A027586

The A prefixed to a drawn number indicates it is plus a million.
The Fifty Numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published December 30th).

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose 1d. stamp for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull" or "Mary Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. You may send 13 Coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 1d. stamp for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. December 26 1914.
S.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

FIRST READ THIS.
If you predict the "Home" Team will win, put in ink a X in the Home Column; if you predict the "Away" Team will win, put a X in the Away Column. For Dr. W. C. X in the Draw Column.

John Bull ENTRANCE FORM.

Matches to be played Saturday, Jan. 2nd.

HOME.	AWAY.	DRAW.	HOME TEAM.	AWAY TEAM.
			Bradford C.	v. Burnley
			Bolton W.	v. Oldham A.
			Walsley C.	v. Liverpool
			Sheffield W.	v. Aston Villa
			Sheffield U.	v. Sheffield U.
			Everton	v. Newcastle U.
			Chelsea	v. Tottenham H.
			Manchester C.	v. Manchester U.
			Bristol C.	v. Bury
			Clapton O.	v. Fulham
			Arsenal	v. Wolverhampton W.
			Lincoln C.	v. Barnsley
			Huddersfield T.	v. Preston N.E.
			Blackpool	v. Hull City
			Gillingham	v. Brighton & H. A.
			Croydon C.	v. Millwall A.
			Northampton	v. Swindon T.
			Watford	v. Portsmouth
			West Ham U.	v. Exeter City
			Norwich C.	v. Cardiff C.

I enter "JOHN BULL" Football Competition in accordance with the rules announced on this page and agree to accept the Editor's published decision as final and legally binding, and enter on that understanding.

Signed

10

Address

Entrance Form: must be cut, not torn out.

Read Rules Carefully.

NOTE METHOD OF MARKING COUPON.

1. We have adopted the following rule for marking the Entrance Form:—If you predict the Home Team will win, put a X in the Home Column; if you give the Away Team to win, put a X in the Away Column. For a Draw put a X in the Draw Column.
2. Having done this, write in ink (typewriting or pencilling will not do) your name and address, in the space provided, cut out the Entrance Form, and address it to "John Bull," 25, Fleet Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C., mark envelope in top left-hand corner, Football Contest, No. 10, and send to reach us not later than Friday, January 1st.
3. The sum of £1,000 will be paid to the Competitor whose entrance form contains the correct results, as published in the "Sporting Life," of all the matches given played to a finish on January 2nd. Should it happen that no entrance form be received giving the whole of the correct results, a cash prize of £250 will be paid to the sender of a coupon with one error only. In the unlikely event of neither the £1,000 nor the £250 being won, £50 will be paid to the Competitor sending in the most correct forecasts whatever the number; and £20 to the sender of the most correct forecasts on a mauve coupon taken from "Mary Bull." If the sender of a mauve coupon should win or share the £1,000, the £250, or the £50, the "Mary Bull" prize will be awarded to the sender of the most correct forecasts on a mauve coupon.
4. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any effort. No correspondence will be entered into, neither will interviews be granted.
5. Any effort on which any alteration has been made will be disqualified.
6. In the event of a tie or ties in this Competition, the £1,000, the £250, the £50, as well as the special £20 mauve coupon prize, will be equally divided.
7. Our employees are strictly debarred from entering this contest.
8. Scottish readers may enter.

CONTEST CLOSES FRIDAY, JANUARY 1.

DUPLICATE COUPON.

The following duplicate list of the matches is printed solely for the convenience of Competitors desirous of keeping a record of their efforts. It must be cut out and will not be accepted as proof of forecasts made on the Entrance Form.

HOME.	AWAY.	HOME.	AWAY.
Bradford C. v. Burnley		Arsenal v. Wolver. W.	
Bolton W. v. Oldham A.		Lincoln C. v. Barnsley	
Notts C. v. Liverpool		Huddersfield T. v. Preston N.E.	
Sunderland v. Aston Villa		Blackpool v. Hull City	
Sheffield W. v. Sheffield U.		Gillingham v. Brighton & H.A.	
Everton v. Newcastle U.		Croydon C. v. Millwall A.	
Chelsea v. Tottenham H.		Northampton v. Swindon T.	
Manchester C. v. Man. U.		Watford v. Portsmouth	
Bristol C. v. Bury		West Ham U. v. Exeter City	
Clapton O. v. Fulham		Norwich C. v. Cardiff C.	

RESULT OF 114TH BULLETS COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:—

Mr. T. J. EVANS,
1, Bryn Terrace,
Brynsadler, near Bridgend,
Glamorgan.

Example: REFUSING TO SERVE.
Bullet: VERY "DELICATE" SUBJECT.

10 WAR PRIZES OF £10 EACH:

V. T. PROCTER, 29, Stockton Rd., West Hartlepool:
DOUBLE IN STORE—THROUGH "BOUNCING" BABY.
M. GAWWOOD, 13, Sheppard Street, Swindon, Wilts.:
FEELING SATISFIED—ALL COMBATANTS APPARENTLY.
GOWAN, 8, Grantbridge Street, Islington, London, N.:
OTHER'S ALLOWANCE—"SPENT" WITH CARE.
M. PERCY, 68, Lansdowne Road, West Didsbury:
ICKING TO POST—SUSPICIOUS WIFE GENERALLY.
IN B. BELL, 287, Wednesbury Road, Walsall:
CONSIDERED TRIFLE—FUTURE EXISTENCE—LOVERS.
MACLEAN, 31, Huron Road, Upper Tooting, S.W.:
TING ALARMED—GUEST BROUGHT MUSIC.
JAMES BROWN, 32, Burlington Road, Withington, Manchester:
BROKEN GENTLY—TOLD BY BITS.
Mr. ANDREW FRASER, White Villa, Tullibody, Alloa, N.B.:
THE RUSSIAN ARMY—RETAILED ENGLISH RECRUITING.
Mr. WALTER SMITH, 1, Sheep Market, Spalding:
FEELING SATISFIED—WATER TO FAILURE.
Mr. J. WESTROPP, 34, Scarle Road, Wembley, London, N.W.:
REFUSING TO SERVE—THOUGHTS AT EXAMS.

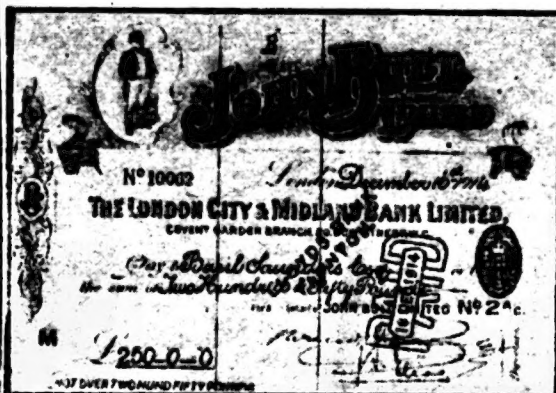
TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH.

Mr. THOS. F. WATERS, 242, Harrow Road, London, W.:
STICKING TO POST—OFTEN WHEN "INCAPABLE."
Mr. H. WOODS, 36, Wilford Street, Derby:
HOME DEFENCE—FATHER GETTING "CLOSER."
Mr. SAMUEL GEE, 24, Poynter's Avenue, Thorneywood, Notts.:
UNCONSIDERED TRIFLE—NAVY'S COST NOW.
Mr. WILLIAM BUGLASS, Twizell Road, Beaminster, Dorset:
FLUSHED APPEARANCE—SELDOM INCOME-TAX RETURNS.
Mr. R. L. STEARNE, "Woodside," Wheelock Heath, Sandbach, Cheshire:
STICKING TO POST—THOUSANDS WHO SHOULD'N'T.
Mr. ARTHUR E. WHITE, "Lynn Garth," Prestbury Road, Cheltenham:
INVASION SCHEME—NEIGHBOUR'S PHONOGRAPH INSPIRES.
Mr. WM. BROWN, 73, Northcote Street, South Shields:
REFUSING TO SERVE—UNLESS LONGER ENLISTED.
Mr. J. B. ARCHBOLD, 76, Queen Street, Anlaby, Acklington:
BROKEN GENTLY—NEIGHBOUR'S COAL NEVER.
Mrs. M. HAYCRAFT, Wallis Down, Bournemouth:
BROKEN GENTLY—THE LOVER'S ENVELOPE.
Mr. EDWARD SUMMERS, 73, Loch Street, Aberdeen:
UNCONSIDERED TRIFLE—CHRISTMAS PARCEL'S STRING.

100 PRIZE WINNERS OF 10s. EACH.

ALLISON, L. E. (Mrs.), 29, Donerale Street, Fulham, S.W.
AMERY, A. E., 44, Clifton Street, Belfast.
ANDERSON, R., 20, Wellington Street, Greenock, Scotland.
ARCH, P. B. (Mrs.), 4, Queen's Road, Boston.
BAILLY, A. R., Bangsile, Hertford Heath, Herts.
BARLOW, A., 123, Urban Road, Hexthorpe, Doncaster.
BATLY, D., 123A, Budejergne, Cardiff.
BECK, S. A., 44, Princess Street, Swansea.
BLECH, F. (Miss), 17, Caroline Street, Eaton Sq., Westminster.
BENDOW, J., 32, Choklandley Street, Wilnes, Lancs.
BERRY, A., 72, West Street, Elington, near Sheffield.
BLAIR, S. J. (Miss), Fortrush Road, Coleraine, Ireland.
BOWERS, K. (Miss), 182, Jervis Road, Stanshaw, Portsmouth.
BOWYER, H. (Mrs.), East End, Lymington.
BURGLISS, W. J., 57, Southwell Road, W. Croydon.
BURKHART, R., 35, Harley Road, Great Yarmouth.
CARR, K., 6, Norwood Avenue, Southampton.
COLUMBO, W., 172, Gorgie Road, Edinburgh.
COLL BROOKS, A. J., Tyllwyd Cottage, Newbridge, Newport, Mon.
CONROY, A., Hampton-in-Arden, Warwickshire.
CRAPPLER, S. B., 30, St. Agnes Place, Kennington.
DAVIES, E. J. (Mrs.), 18, High Street, Slaverford, West.

DICKENSON, T. E., 25, Seabourne Road, Bournemouth.
DYKES, G. S., Willey, Godalming, Surrey.
EASDEN, G. (Mrs.), 14, Trinity Cottages, Lower Mortlake Road, Richmond, Surrey.
ELLISON, A. B., West Bank, Weaverham, Cheshire.
EVANS, R., 48, Liverpool Street, King's Cross, W.C.
FORD, S., 3, Clevedon Villas, Windsor Road, Torquay.
FREER, W., Paternoster Works, Ponders End, Enfield.
GEOFFREY, A., 102, Feet Street, Derby.
GILBERT, W., 32, Sherrard Road, Forest Gate, E.
GOOJWIN, T. A., 32, Hangingwater Road, Sheffield.
GRANT, A., Hookless, Feltard, Co. Wexford, Ireland.
GRAHAM, C., 5, Station Terrace, Aberavon, Glam.
GREEN, E. S., 22a, Romole Road, Herne Hill.
GRUFFITHS, D. P., Glanyrafon Llanerrian, Cowbridge, Glam.
GRUSNILL (Mrs.), Queen Street, Wainfleet Road, Skegness.
HALL, W. A., 4, Montrose Villas, Highley Bridge North, Salop.
HARGREAVES, H., 471, Limefield, Bury.
HARRISON, C. H., 39, Winwick Road, Warrington, Lancs.
HART, A. E., College Street, Hull.
HARVEY, P. H., 39, Linden Avenue, Thornton Heath, Surrey.
HERNE, F. (Mrs.), 3, Innerbrook Road, Torquay, Devon.
HILES, A., 29, Constitution Hill, Clifton, Bristol.
INGLIS, G. (Mrs.), 57, Mayfield Road, Edinburgh.
INGRAM, J. (Miss), 5, Buccleuch Place, Edinburgh.
JANVIS, W. T., 127, Stormont Road, Clapham Common, S.W.
JONES, D. W., 73, Ivor Street, Dowls, Glam.
JONES, J., Greenfield Buildings, Llanilly.
LANGHORNE, M. G., Grand Hotel, Harrogate.
LAWSON, E. G., 109, Ivydale Road, Nunhead, S.E.
LINE, M., Lynwood, Moreton Avenue, Manchester, N.
LLOYD, R., 3, Nantgwyneth Street, Merthyr Tydfil.
MANNERS, G. (Mrs.), 102, Redland Road, Bristol.
MARSHALL, W., 10, Jubilee Terrace, Grange Street, Hull.
MATHEWS, J., York House, 21, West Side, Wandsworth, S.W.
MACLAREN, R., 62, Havelock Street, Ilkeston.
MCBEAN, W., 91, Townhead, Kirkintilloch, Scotland.
MIDSON, E. W., 136, Southgate Road, London, N.
MITCHELL (Mrs.), 177, Clarendon Road, Wulley Range, Manchester.
MOORE, I. (Mrs.), 7, Bannerman Tce., Sherburn Hill, Co. Durham.
MORTON, T., 20, Cowper Avenue, Clitheroe, Lancs.
MORRISON, E. (Mrs.), 25, Lr. Beechwood Avenue, Ranelagh, Dublin.
MOSS, L. (Mrs.), 163, Murchison Road, Leyton.
MURLEY, E., 3, Radnor Road, Cardiff.
MYERS, S., 47 Brunswick Street, Cheetham, Manchester.
NEEVE, W. G., 2, St. Andrew Street, Norwich.
NICOL, A., 91, Kirkstall Street, Ardwick, Manchester.
NICHOLLS, A., 28, Florence Street, Walsall.
NICHOLLS, J. H., Junr., 50, Ebrington Street, Plymouth.
ORCHARD, A. W., Scots Guards, c/o 43, Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.
OVERTON, M. (Mrs.), Windmill Bank, Wombourne, near Wolverhampton.
PEARCE L. N., 14, St. Paul's Road, Weston-super-Mare.



The original of the above cheque will be on view at the premises of Mr. J. Larcombe, Newagent, Station Road, Taunton, from Wednesday, December 23rd, and at those of Mr. S. Hucker, Newagent, East Street, Taunton, from Monday, December 28th.

PARRY, T. W., 11, Crichton Street, Cardiff.
PHELPS, L. C., 91, Porschouse Street, Walsall, Staffs.
PICKLES, E. A., 25, Handel Street, Halifax, Yorks.
QUINNEY, J., P.O. 20, Hannington Road, Boscombe, Bournemouth.
RANDALL, J., Bran Mill, Moreton-in-Marsh.
ROBERTS, G. (Mrs.), 20, Victoria Road, Fallings Park, Wolverhampton.
ROSE, A. T. (Staff), Inland Section, G.P.O., Mount Pleasant, E.C.
ROUT, E., St. Peter's Hill, Huntingdon.
ROUSSEL, E., 8, Larch Road, Cricklewood, N.W.
SANDERSON, D. (Mrs.), 4, Dixon Street, Carlin How, Yorks, R.S.O.
SCOTT-MILLER, A. T.S., "Wellesley," Tynesmouth.
SHARP, E. P., 31, Field Road, Reading.
SMALL, J. (Mrs.), 54, Ackenden Road, Alton, Hants.
STANLEY, M. A. (Mrs.), The Elms, Banbury Road, Kidlington, Oxon.
STEVENS, E. A., 17, Maryland Road, Wood Green, N.
STUTT, W., 7, Langdon, Road, Bromley, Kent.
TAYLOR, E. (Mrs.), Newland, Sherborne, Dorset.
TAYLOR, H. L., 38, Addison Road, Hove, Sussex.
TROWBRIDGE, Sgt., R.F.A., Grand Depot Bk., Woodwich.
UNLACK, J. J., 7, The Crescent, York.
WAGGORN, P. E., 4, Curzon Terrace, May's Lane, Walmers, Kent.
WALTER, E. H., 74, Thornlaw Road, West Norwood.
WENTWORTH, B., Miss, Hurlingham Lodge, Fulham, S.W.
WHITTED, D. K., 9, Queen Street, Coupar Angus, N.B.
WIDDOWS, A., 130, Cambridge Street, Warwick Square, S.W.
WORTHINGTON, J., 1, Derby Street, Stafford.
YOUNG, L. G., Town Hall Chambers, Bargate, Sheffield.

Selection from 200 Prize-Winners of 5s. each.

NICHOLLS, P., 49, Musgrave Road, Winsor Green, Birmingham.
O'REILLY, W., Band, 2nd Life Guards, Windsor.
OSBORNE, E., X-Ray Dept., St. George's Hospital, Hyde Park Corner, W.
OWENS, V., 25, Manton Road, Liverpool.
OWEN, T., 28, Albert Street, Pentre, Rhondda, Glam.
PALMER, J., 30, High Street, Stevenage, Herts.
PARRETT, J., St. Aubins, Eaglesfield Road, Hunstead, S.E.
PASK, S. W., Sgt., and Cpl. A. G. POWELL, R.E., "L" Signal Co., Lines of Communications, Expeditionary Force.
PENNINGTON, H., 3, Church Terrace, Causton, Barry.
PETTIGREW, Mrs., White Lodge, Fontly, near Fareham, Hants.
PICKSTOCK, A. E., 6, Sheaton Street, Flowery Field, Hyde, Cheshire.
PUTTOCK, G., 41, Seelye Street, New Cross.
RAISTRICK, J. E., 28, Belgrave Road, Kedgeley.
RAVEN, J., 26, Bull's Head Lane, Coventry.
RICHARDS, C. Y., c/o McNab, 82, Blackscroft, Dundee.
RICHARDS, Mrs. V. A., c/o A. R. Richards, School of Gunnery, Shoeburyness, Essex.

Owing to lack of space we are unable to publish a list of the 250 prize winners of Turkey on this page. A complete list will be sent to any applicant forwarding a halfpenny stamp to these offices, and will also appear in the "Competitor" Journal.

"BULLETS" RULES (which must be strictly adhered to).

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. A careful study of the winning efforts from week to week will also indicate the standard of merit to be attained. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.
2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons on page 28, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.
3. Both coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order, for the sum payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed. Competitors must write their names and addresses, and the date, and of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which

must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons.

4. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner, or have portions of another coupon pasted upon them.

5. Entries must reach us not later than the first post on the morning of Thursday, December 31st.

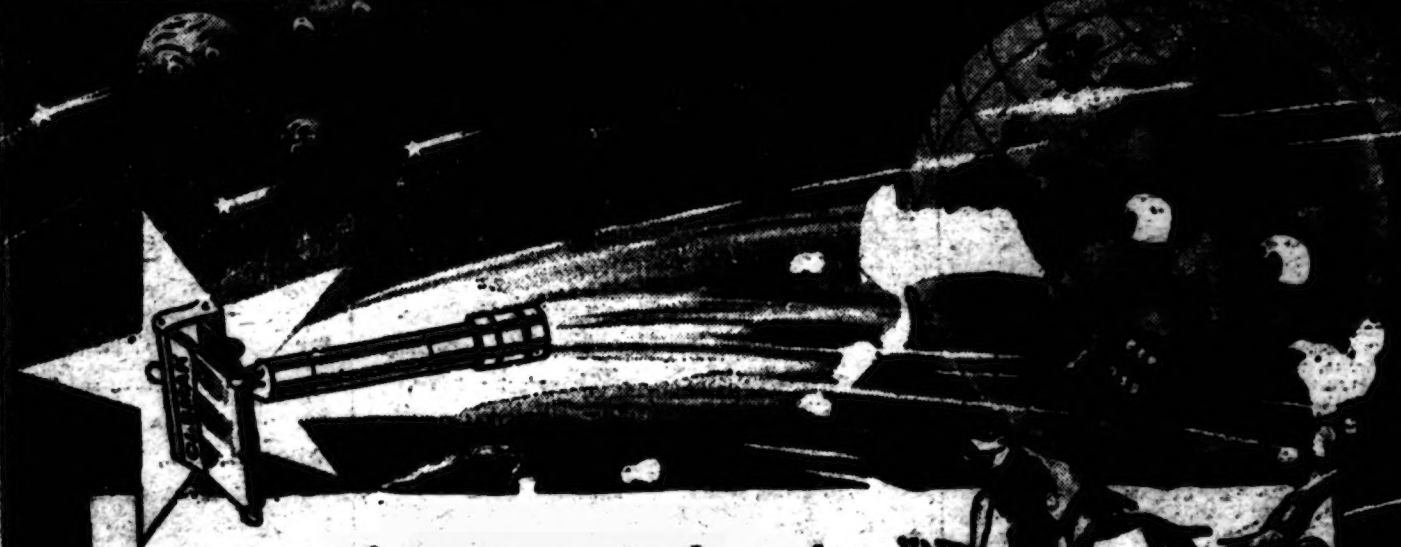
6. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

7. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

No element of chance enters into the adjudication of our "Bullets" competition. Every coupon is judged by TWO DIFFERENT Members of our special staff of Adjudicators, who have been elected by reason of their high qualification for this work. This staff put aside all coupons which they considered sufficiently meritorious to qualify for a prize. So that before any coupon is judged, TWO DIFFERENT Judges have to decide that it is not of sufficient merit to receive a prize. Then, all coupons selected are considered by the Competition Editor in consultation with the Judges. In this manner the coupons are reduced in number to correspond with the total number of prizes to be awarded. The Competition Editor, again in consultation with the Judges, next selects all the lines of outstanding merit. These are placed before the Editor, who, after consultation, decides finally the order of merit. This system of judging keeps a large staff of Adjudicators continually occupied the whole of the week—so thoroughly is the work done. We would point out that, by this system of judging, no award is decided arbitrarily by one mind. It is only after a line has been considered sufficiently meritorious by a BODY OF JUDGES IN CONSULTATION, all of whom are specially qualified for the work, that it can receive a cash or any other prize. As regards the principal prizes, the coupons of outstanding merit are considered many times by the Editor, and also by the Competition Editor and the adjudication staff in consultation, before the final awards are made. In a sentence, ALL coupons are read and considered and re-read and re-considered by a specially selected staff of highly-qualified Adjudicators, under the general supervision of an experienced Competition Expert—and in consultation with the Editor. That is why "Bullets" constitute a genuine skill contest, free from any and every element of arbitrary decision or of chance selection.

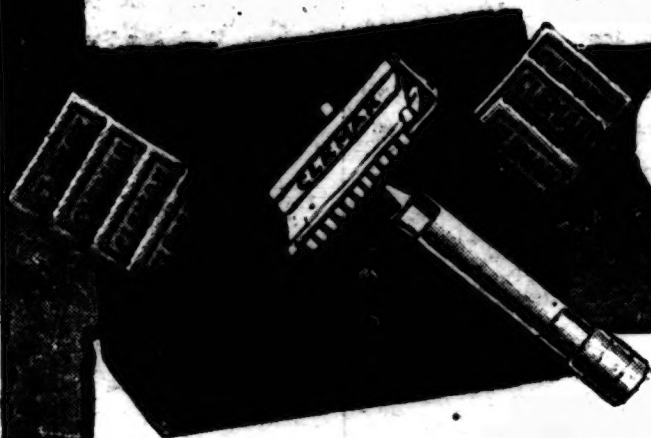
Complete List of all Cash and other Prize-Winners in the above Competition can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

CLEMAK - RAZOR CLOSE SHAVE



"My word! that was a close shave"

"Greased lightning isn't in it with the CLEMAK. Never saw anything like it in all my life. Just a dab or two with the lather brush, a pass or two with the CLEMAK, and I'm shaved. And best of it is, same thing happens every morning—no trouble ever."



CLEMAK 5

Safety Razor

5/-

Silver-plated CLEMAK Razor with stropping handle and seven blades.

The CLEMAK is a sturdily made British Safety Razor which combines unsurpassed efficiency with a simplicity quite unique. No razors shave better than the CLEMAK; none give less trouble. It's cleaned in a moment, stropped in a minute; there's nothing to remove, nothing to adjust.

Combination Outfit: A Triple Silver-plated Razor. Twelve specially selected Blades, Patent Stropping Machine with Velvet Hide Strop

10/6

A useful **PRESENT** for our
SOLDIERS. SAILORS
and **TERRITORIALS.**

OF ALL CUTLERS, STORES, &c.,
or from the
CLEMAK RAZOR CO., 17, Billiter St., London E.C.

The Clemak Book will interest you,
Write for a Copy to-day.

W. PLANT & CO., Market St., Sydney, Australasian Agents.



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JOHN BULL.

*Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant :
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.*

Vol. XVII. No. 447. Week ending Saturday, December 26th, 1914. One Penny.

HURRY UP! NEARLY SOLD OUT.
CANNOT BE REPRINTED AGAIN.

The "JOHN BULL" Portfolio of WAR CELEBRITIES

16 SUPERB PORTRAITS FOR 6s

1/- net

ON SALE AT ALL BOOKSTALLS.
Post Free 1s. 2d. from JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.

£10 REWARD.

Wanted, the Copy of "John Bull"
for DEC. 19th. 1914. bearing on
its Cover the Number 784,988.

Apply THE MANAGER "JOHN BULL,"
93, Long Acre, London, W.C.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics
of the day.]

Our Faith.

The season of "peace and goodwill" finds the nations of Europe engaged in the bloodiest war that has ever staggered the soul of humanity, and the opportunity to sneer at the age long Christmas tradition will be avidly seized by cynical pens. This is no time for polemics of any sort—least of all for theological controversy—but we remain convinced that this giant upheaval of civilisation was pre-ordained by that supreme Power which, in gentler mood, decreed the birth of the Christ idea, planting the symbol of the Cross in the heart of the world's history. This, at any rate, is the only explanation which at once illumines the trend of human affairs, and satisfies the deepest aspirations of the heart. For the present, much remains dark and inscrutable, but we shall see more clearly in the light of the coming dawn.

Shall we be Jelly?

Elsewhere we protest against the suggestion that this Christmas holiday should be observed as a season of penance or "humiliation." As to the degree of festivity which may be permissible, it would be presumptuous to prescribe hard and fast rules. Each individual will, of course, be guided by the ordinary decent feelings which would animate his conduct upon any other occasion. There are stricken homes in which hilarity would be an offence against every canon of good taste. For the rest, we hold that the man who can do nothing better for his country than to pull a long face, and utter dismal platitudes, had far better do nothing at all. Courage, comrades, and good cheer!

Our Recruiting Campaign.

Wonderful Warrington! It was here that on Tuesday of last week we concluded our campaign so far as the present year is concerned. Wonderful Warrington! Met at the station by its idolised M.P., Mr. Harold Smith—in all the glory of his new Naval uniform; then to the hospitable board of Sir Gilbert and Lady Greenall—where we had the first opportunity of personally tendering our congratulations to Mrs. Harold on her wedding; thence to the great Parr Hall, literally packed to suffocation, with Harold in the chair; supported by the Mayor, Mr. Crosfield (the late member for the Borough), and all the other notabilities of Warrington; afterwards to the theatre, again packed from floor to ceiling; then a torchlight procession to the Town Hall (in which everybody—old and young, strong and halt—took part), and finally the mail train home, via Liverpool. From some points of view, it was our most successful rally, the Warrington lads being full of enthusiasm and vim; not the least agreeable feature of the whole thing being the shower of compliments with which so orthodox a Party politician as Mr. Crosfield, embarrassed us. The War will be responsible for many things, but for nothing so remarkable as this—it has made us "respectable"!

Our New Year Rally.

And now for the Albert Hall—Thursday, January 14th—with the Rev. A. J. Waldron (Vicar of Brixton) in the chair. No charge—and no tickets.

The Best Christmas Present.

Without desiring in any way to dictate to John Bull's Store, whose various lists of bargains are to be found in our advertisement columns, we venture to suggest that the best and most appropriate present which any reader can select this Christmas time is a British Citizenship badge, with its proud motto—*Britannicus sum*—of which particulars will be found on page 20 of this issue.

More Praise from the Parsons.

The Rev. Caesar Caine, the Vicar of Cleator, Cumberland, is good enough to reproduce, in his Parish Magazine, a portion of our tribute to the late Lord Roberts, with the opinion that for "delicacy of touch" it was better than anything else he had read.

"Why is the Red Blood Flowing?"

In answer to many inquiries, we beg to say that anybody is at liberty to recite the Editor's war poem, anywhere, and at any time. Those who wish to hear just how it *should* be rendered, must come to the Albert Hall on Thursday, January 14th, when Miss Esmé Beringer will enlighten them.

A Christmas Conundrum.

What is the difference between the Kaiser and JOHN BULL?—The Kaiser is providing Bullets for Turley and JOHN BULL is providing Turkeys for Bullets.

No Waiting! Single-week Football Contest this time. Big Cash Prizes. See page 27.

Tommy's Togs.

We are receiving so many complaints concerning the quality of the khaki cloth used for the uniforms of Kitchener's recruits, and the fit and style of the garments served out, that we are forced to the conclusion that the Army clothing contractors have either more work on hand than they can manage, are inadequately paid for it, or are squeezing the uttermost farthing out of the business. If the first is the trouble, why should not the Government spread their orders among the many hundreds of small private tailors throughout the country, whose trade has been brought practically to a standstill owing to the war? The uniforms turned out under such conditions would necessarily be superior to those more or less thrown together by the tired hands of underpaid girls in huge clothing factories, and the cost need not be very much greater. The shoddy quality of much of the khaki now being turned out is a disgrace to the country, a slur upon the inspectors presumably appointed by the Government to see that the material is right, and a positive crime on the part of the contractors who are guilty of snatching an extra profit at the cost of Tommy's comfort, health and, maybe, life. When the country is thoroughly aroused to what is going on, somebody will have to hang.

Battle as Usual.

The efforts of Pope Benedict XV. to bring about a Christmas truce between the warring nations of Europe have failed, the pious purpose of the Pontiff having been defeated by the stubborn opposition of "a certain Power." We need not too hastily ascribe this result to the German truculence, and if in the event it should prove that Great Britain has been the dissenting party, we shall have nothing whatever to be ashamed of. An armistice is a device of civilised warfare, and we may be pretty certain that its obligations would rest lightly upon the conscience of a Power which has ruthlessly violated every canon of the modern code of battle. In these circumstances, an enforced cessation of hostilities might well prove more galling to our troops than the vigorous pursuit of war. We may be sure they will be as "merry" as circumstances permit, and we heartily wish them a lucky Christmas.

Tram Sheds for Tommy.

The ways of the War Office are inscrutable. At Balham, we are told, there are magnificent sheds and stables erected for the London County Council trams—but not being used—where hundreds of lads in training could be comfortably housed during the inclement weather, a great advantage being that they are within a short distance of some of our principal open spaces, including Wimbledon Common, where daily training could be performed. Perhaps Lord Kitchener will consider the suggestion.

After the War.

A year ago, in Christmassy mood, we talked of political matters, pleading for a saner outlook and a better understanding. We complained that politics had "become a battle-ground resonant with the rude cry of conflict," and by way of illustration we suggested that "Two navvies confronted with a load would scarce dream of shifting it by pulling in opposite directions." Then, to finish up with, we preached a little sermon on Business Government, never dreaming that within twelve short months a non-Party regime would replace the old, quarrelsome methods of Government. But what about the time when the war is over, and dead controversies revive? Are we going back to the bad, old way—or has the Great War sounded the knell of the old system? It's "up" to you to decide!

Give, and Take.

Some of our soldiers' wives are receiving queer assistance from the Prince's Fund. We hear of cases having occurred in Edinburgh where charitable lady visitors have called upon soldiers' wives who were hard pressed, doled them out 5s. or so a week to keep the wolf from the passage, if not from the door, until the overdue allotment was received from the War Office—and then, when the same arrived, demanding and obtaining a full refund of the petty sums they had dispensed, leaving the soldiers' families as hard pressed as before. This is neither charity nor common sense. It is damned, disgusting meanness. We shall hear next of interest being charged on the paltry sums measured out with niggardly hands by the organisers of the Fund.

Bandmen Navvies.

We recently remarked upon the absence of military bands, and expressed curiosity as to their whereabouts. We are now told that they are doing navvies' work, their instruments being stowed away! A considerable amount of money has been spent by the country to train these musicians, and now, when they are most needed, the instruments in which they have become proficient are scrapped, and they are provided with pick and shovel! As there are hundreds of navvies seeking work, we suggest to the War Office that the band instruments should be handed over to these men. It is true they may not be able to play in harmony, but no doubt they will be just as efficient with the trombone and drum as the Army bandmen are with the pick and shovel.

Taking it out of the Taxes.

There seems to be small doubt that a good many brewers mean to take advantage of the new taxation to squeeze a bit extra out of their unhappy tied-house tenants. W. B. Mew, Langton and Co., Limited, Royal Brewery, Newport, Isle of Wight, provide a case in point. They have increased the price of O.P.A. and XXX Stout from 56s. to 76s., and of F.A. and S.S. from 36s. to 56s. per barrel. The fresh taxation on beer, after deducting the rebate of 2s. per barrel subsequently conceded, amounts to 15s. 6d. per barrel. What we want to know is, who is going to pocket the difference of 4s. 6d.? Is it to compensate the brewers for reduced consumption, whilst the tied-house tenant is to stand the whole racket?

Adding Penury to Injury.

Some little time back a conductor in the employ of the L.C.C. was savagely assaulted while on duty, and, in consequence, was on the sick list for a week. It is hard to believe, but it is said that his wages were stopped for that period. Now, if this be true, we would like to know who was the Jack-in-office responsible for this mean and shabby trick, from which one's humanity and sense of justice revolts. Meanwhile the wrong should be righted, with an added *solatium*, and a large medal of the finest putty prepared for the L.C.C. official who has so greatly distinguished himself. We shall be pleased to pin it on a suitable part of his person.

What Will Happen?

It will be interesting to see what action is taken by the Government against certain British shipowners whose vessels, loading from the Continent to South American ports, were immediately before the war carrying out, packed in condensed milk cases, ammunition and stores for the German cruisers. The Government knows those whose vessels have been engaged in the trade, and upon this occasion the old "get out" by blaming the captain and other employees would not be of much avail.

No Waiting! Single-week Football Contest this time. Big Cash Prizes. See page 27.

A Wife on Wages.

"Sir," writes a wife, "we read that trade is going on all right everywhere. How is it wages are not given back to the workers? My husband is a clerk at one of the largest clothiers in the world. His salary was cut down the first week war was declared, and it has not yet been restored to him. Their business has not suffered, and he has not had any shorter hours, which are exceedingly long." We have pointed out several times that many large firms are taking shameless advantage of their employees. For years these firms have had a good time, due very largely to the staffs whom they are now pinching almost to the extremity of want. The directors don't cut down their own salaries, nor do the shareholders cut down their own dividends. Instead of advertising their bogus patriotism and bogus self-sacrifice, why do not they say to their employees, "You have served us loyally and served us well in the fat years, so will we serve you well in the lean, paying you the wages you have always had—so that when the time comes you may all be together to serve us well again"?

Shore Spies.

The bombardment of Scarborough and Whitby recalls some recent observations of His Honour Judge Mulligan, K.C., at the North Walsham County Court. The learned judge was asked to enforce a contract in favour of a German boarding-house keeper, resident at Sheringham on the North Sea coast, and having decided that "during the war a German has no right in this country, according to the common law of England," his Honour protested that "the prohibition of Germans from our coasts was a dead letter so far as Norfolk was concerned." As fast cruisers race, it is not far from Norfolk to Yorkshire, and there are one or two circumstances in connection with last week's raid which will need a good deal of explanation. What a sweet, confiding people, we are!

That German Film!

We never dreamt there were so many people willing to take the gravest risks. We recently mentioned a Germany-over-All cinema film that the owner could not off-load on to any show proprietor, because such people are not keen after rioting and do not wish to have their houses pulled down. Over a dozen offers to accept and show the film have, however, been received by us; but it is against our principles to encourage anybody to break the commandments. Anyway, the owner of the film, having discovered that staunch Britons are willing to show it, has made up his mind to hold out for ordinary renting terms.

Anglicised Germhun Pianos.

We have no objection to a Germhun piano, as such, if it can justify its existence, but what we do object to is its naturalisation under false pretences. Parties furnishing are as much entitled to have a British piano, if they want one, as they are to have a British coal box, and the dealer who tries to impose upon them UNANGENEHMOFFER'S lovely ten-guinea overstrung as Erown's or Robinson's twenty-guinea *ne plus ultra* is hereby warned that he is liable to prosecution with the utmost rigour of the law.

A Coincidence.

At 8 a.m. on the morning of December 16th a 24-hours "watch of intercession" commenced at St. Paul's Cathedral, and precisely at the same hour the Germans bombarded our defenceless Yorkshire coast, killing innocent women and children. The enemy are obviously jealous that we should dare to approach their late "Ally."

Stray Birds.

About this time of the year there is usually current in the midst a vile slander which is vehemently resented by the Postmaster-General whenever he hears of it. Every Christmas a certain number of turkeys and other desirable birds, with sausages to match, vanish in the course of postal transit, and it is said the Postmaster-General eats them. Whatever the suspicions may be, let us say at once that there is no procurable evidence to justify them. On the other hand, we believe there is ample evidence to show that the Dead Letter or Dead Heat Department of the P.O. does have a Christmas auction of birds, which, judged by an absence of visible direction, have no homes to go to—the reason given being that it would otherwise get into bad odour with the Sanitary Department. There are official stories of hares, venison, pork sausages and old Stilton which nothing on earth would induce us to repeat. The one about the pound of sausages which got lost in the post and were found by a sorter on New Year's day, some lapping up the cat's milk and others sitting on the office window-sill trying to catch sparrows, is especially not fit to be mentioned. All we will say about it is that the sorter became so annoyed that he drowned the lot.

Nantwich Bumbles.

Among the Boards of Guardians who have decided to combine economy with deficiency this Christmas, are to be numbered the honourable Bumbles of Nantwich. In previous years it has been their custom to grant the adult outdoor poor 1s. extra at Christmas, and 6d. for each child, but the war, the increased price of cheese, and the fact that these extras to the poor will cost the ratepayers as much as 1-58th of a penny in the £, have decided them to unburden the rates of so appalling a philanthropy. There is also a rumour in the town that the Christmas pudding of the workhouse inmates is to be economised by five currants and a piece of lemon peel, but at the time of writing the Press Bureau has no confirmation. The Chief Director, however, authorises us to deny in the "most unequivocal manner," any statement to the effect that one of the Nantwich Bumbles has been caught by a military patrol in the act of giving a blind man a ha'penny and commandeering his dog.

Scarcely Fair.

There are a good many men who, without being regularly enrolled in the Army or Navy, are cheerfully facing the risks of war in the service of the Crown, and it is obviously fair that they should be treated with the utmost consideration. Before us lies a letter from a seaman who for weeks past has been engaged in the dangerous, but highly important, work of ammunition-carrying. He complains, and we think with reason, that, though called upon to face deadly risks in the course of his quasi-military duty, he and his mates enjoy no right to "compensation" in the event of injury or death at the hands of the enemy. Our correspondent further declares that the crew to which he belongs are receiving no higher wages than when engaged in peaceful traffic. What do the owners say?

Tube Advertisements.

In one of the C.L.R. Tube compartments we recently noticed that a Church Society had a poster giving the well-known verse from Luke about the return of the Prodigal Son, ending with this sentence:—"His father saw him and had compassion and ran and fell on his neck and kissed him." Immediately next to it came an advertisement headed, "MR. ATCHISON'S HINTS ON EYE-SIGHT." Was the position of these advertisements accidental?

COME, DRAW UP YOUR CHAIR!

"HEALTHS" WE MAY DRINK THIS CHRISTMAS.

What are we to say to our readers this Christmas Day? Christmas—Christ Mass! How strange the phrase rings on the ear! To speak of being "merry"—except in the subtle sense of soul merriment at the prospect of a great moral and righteous achievement—were an abuse of language. And the merriment of the soul is purely internal. You may detect its reflection in the radiance of the eye—compared with which, as an instrument of communication, the tongue is a poor thing; but it does not give itself vent in the clattering of the convivial glass, or in any other of the time-honoured methods of the "festive season." Wherefore, to wish you, in conventional fashion, a "Merry Christmas" were out of place—the words do not seem to ring true. Were we dealing with the New Year, it would be different; and next week we may well find ourselves, with a deeper meaning and sincerity than ever before, looking forward to a "Happy New Year" in the fullest significance of the phrase. Easily may we bring ourselves to hear the bells, already on the breezes wafting across the sea, as they "Ring out the old; ring in the new; ring out the false—ring in the true." But to-day we are concerned with Christmas—and what shall our message be?

Never in the history of mankind has the light of Christmastide dawned amid vaster scenes of suffering and sorrow. We celebrate Bethlehem in the midst of a carnage which even those Wise Men of the East who brought their offerings of gold, frankincense, and myrrh to the cradle of Christianity could not foresee. In a sense, the whole world is in mourning. We cannot rejoice as we have been wont to do; too many of us are watering the graves of our brave beloved with our tears.

And yet we think we see on the hilltops the light of a happier and more glorious day. It marks for our Homeland and our Empire the dawn of the morning; for Kaiserland, and all the fiendish lust of blood and power it stands for, it marks the dawning of the doom. For this cause, at least, Britain may awake to salute the happy morn. But it would be sheer hypocrisy to pretend that we have any heart in that glad cry which at Christmastide has rung down the echoing years for centuries, "Peace on earth; goodwill to men." With what sincerity can we greet each other with the old salutation? How can we talk of goodwill towards men when we realise, with all the bitterness of national grief, that Hate is rampant in the world? A few moments ago, we looked into the Prayer-Book to discover whether there chanced to be any special significance in the "Lesson" which the Church offered us for Christmas. And, for once, we were not disappointed. What a Christmas heartening for our nation it is! Verily, indeed, the prophet is not without honour. If he had sat down to write this very Christmas, he could not have spoken with greater force. "The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light; they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined. *Thou hast multiplied*

the nation and not increased the joy; they joy before thee according to the joy in harvest, and as men rejoice when they divide the spoil, for thou hast broken the yoke of his burden, and the staff of his shoulder, the rod of his oppressor, as in the days of Midian. For every battle of the warrior is with confused noise, and garments rolled in blood; but this shall be with burning and fuel of fire. For unto us a child is born; unto us a son is given, and the government shall be upon his shoulder, and his name shall be called . . . the Prince of Peace." There is, of course, one sentence which, perhaps, goes astray this Christmas: "They joy before thee according to the joy in harvest, and as men rejoice when they divide the spoil." We do not rejoice that way—yet. Next Christmas, perhaps. Meantime, the light breaks for us. In the distance dawns the Day—the Prince of Peace cometh. So perhaps, after all, we may use the old words. Let us see.

THE OLD WISH.

"A Merry Christmas." Let us pull our chairs closer for a chat, and try if we can to straighten out the confused tangle of thought and emotion which makes this Christmas so wonderfully and terribly different from any that has gone before. A phrase leaps to the pen—it was the title of our last year's Christmas article—"The Truce of Yule." We made it the text of a little sermon pleading for an armistice in the strife of Party and a broader charity in public life, and towards the end we asked: "Isn't it time we called a Christmas truce that shall last from Yule to Easter, then on to St. Lubbock's—and brood o'er a warmer, kindlier land when Christmas comes again?" It seems a long, long time since the words were written, and they connote ideas and events which have grown strangely remote. A year ago, as the calendars reckon—but what a year! A year of marvel, and of miracle, of vision and revelation—marking an epoch in the life of man. A year with but a single date, flaming forth from the ruck of common days. Less than five months has elapsed since the bugles sounded for the mightiest combat in the world's history, warning the nations that "the Day" of Teuton insolence had dawned at last. And yet there is not a single reader of these lines who is exactly the man he was before that fateful hour. Nothing in heaven or earth is quite the same, or ever can be, while the world endures. In the year now drawing to a close Man has passed another milestone on the path of his eternal Destiny; and a new date has been added to the list of the World's great Birthdays—among which Christmas must ever hold a hallowed place.

But the Christmas fire is blazing cheerily, and there are warm, personal, intimate things to be said. Let us go back a little way, not for the purpose of reviving controversy, but to get things into their proper focus. We will try to recall the burning topics of a year ago—giving them all the dignity of the capital letters which we so prodigally lavished upon them. Plural Voting, the Labour

Unrest, and the threatened Postmen's Strike; the Irish Problem, Syndicalism, and the Land Question! These are a few of the thrilling themes which, twelve short months since, were spoiling our tempers and impairing our mental balance. And to-day the mere mention of them sounds as dreamy and remote as some obscure reference to the annals of a dead nation. There is no need this year to proclaim a Truce of Yule. It is in the air, and in the hearts of all of us. There isn't a kick left in any one of the controversies which lately divided us. This is part of the miracle of 1914.

TIMELY TOASTS.

It is necessary to recall these things if we are rightly to answer some of the questions which at this Christmas season are being asked on every hand. There are those who deprecate our proud national temper and suggest "humiliation" as a fitting Yuletide mood. Away with the trumpery and hypocritical pretence! We are not humiliated. Let Potsdam weep and Berlin sit in ashes, but London shall ring with the laughter of the strong. For us this Christmastide shall be no season of penance. We have done no wrong. Our hands are clean, and our consciences clear. Even in eyes too full of tears to smile, there is a glint of joy wrung from the heart of grief. We shall hold our heads high this Christmas, for our hearts are swelling with a new-born pride. There is not a man amongst us who is not prouder of his British citizenship to-day than he was a year ago. The hour of testing has brought a wondrous revelation of the might and majesty of Britain, and in the certainty of ultimate victory we will laugh in the faces of the Huns. Sympathy for our brave lads at the front need not induce gloom. They would hate to think that, on their account, we were comporting ourselves like mutes at a funeral. Let us feast rather than fast in their honour. It will cheer and help them to know that we are drinking their healths in the strong ale of Old England, or in the good wine of our Allies. Bumpers round, gentlemen, please! Here's to our gallant fighting men on sea and shore!

A quaint old custom, that of "drinking to" our friends, handed down to us from the bluff, honest, merry days of Britain's rollicking youth! And to-day our list of "toasts" is full. There is one which, according to seemly custom, must be drunk solemnly and in silence. There are many empty chairs this Christmas, and some of them will remain empty when the war is done. Our pen falters, for how shall we speak aright to hearts that are sore and lonely? What shall we say that is not banal and commonplace, "vacant chaff well-meant for grain"? "It is given to man once to die, and after death the judgment." There lies the inspired word of consolation. "Once to die"—once only—to die gloriously and heroically for some noble end; or meanly, obscurely, and to no visible purpose. To march nobly to an honourable death in the full flush and dignity of manhood or, a few short years later, to feel the clammy grasp of fell disease, or, later still, the deadening palsy of age. Who shall say that our dead heroes have not chosen the better part? But cold print is a poor medium of comfort, and each stricken soul must find its own consolation.

Suffice it to record our belief that in some mysterious fashion, which no finite mind can comprehend, these brave hearts are with us still to hearten, comfort and inspire. In this sacred faith, and with hearts too full for further words, let us drink to the glorious memory of our unreturning brave!

And again, if you please, gentlemen—the Cause of the Allies! The Cause which is greater than any mere event, and in which are summed up all the ideals, sentiments, and aspirations which, by the aid of British courage, Belgian heroism, French dash, and Russian endurance, shall soon compass the final downfall of the Potsdam Bully and the confusion of his evil plans. Soon?—yes, soon! On every hand there is matter for high encouragement and for sanguine expectation, though none for the complacency which paralyses strength and enfeebles resolve. With a mighty effort on the part of the Allied Armies, heavily reinforced for the purpose, coupled with the unwearying vigilance of the Fleet, the war should end in the Spring. Almost everything will depend upon the ability of Great Britain to adequately augment her Forces at the psychological moment—in short, upon the supply of recruits, and the despatch with which they can be made ready for the field. The early future may have one or two surprises in store, but in the final onslaught Great Britain must not allow herself to lean too heavily upon the resources of her loyal Allies. Our say in the great settlement will be pretty closely proportioned to the part we have borne in the conflict; and when peace negotiations are begun the leverage of our diplomacy will be moved by the strength of our own right arm. These are prosaic facts, and their moral is contained in the one word—"Enlist!" Get into khaki, every man of you of fighting age and sound in wind and limb. If you mean to shirk the job, you have no right to prate glibly of loyalty and patriotism. Jawbones have effected no military achievements since the days of Samson. Move quickly, lads, and before you go, bumpers round to the winning Cause of the Allies!

Was there ever a grander or more thrilling spectacle than that of the Empire's lusty sons rallying from every point of the compass to the defence of the dear old Motherland? That must be our final toast:—The British Empire and the future of the Anglo-Saxon Race! Empty words?—no, no! From the snows of Alaska to the plains of the Indus; from the Southern Cross to the Northern Star, the welkin rings with Britain's shout of triumph and the whole round earth resounds to the onward march of her indomitable sons. Not a mother's son of them has been compelled into unwilling service. They come as free men to the defence of freedom. There is no envy or hatred in their hearts, "Peace on earth and goodwill to men" aptly summarises their political creed. But they know that there can be no peace while the German War Lord reigns; no goodwill, save on shameful sufferance, till the tide of Prussian barbarism is rolled back on itself. Their wonderful rally to the Empire's Flag has already snitten terror into the hearts of the foe. Here's a health to them one and all, and to all true Britons everywhere. And, now that we understand each other, a Merry Christmas to each reader, and God—the God of Battles—bless us all!

THE BASEST BLOW TO THE BELGIANS.**SALVATION ARMY DOTHENBELGES HALL AT HADLEIGH.**

Readers of picture papers must have felt a glow of sympathy when gazing at illustrations of trim, skilful nurses attending poor Belgian soldiers who have been brought to this country to be healed of their wounds. We are sorry to have to say, however, that for some of those "broke in our wars" a less pleasant lot is in store when they leave the hospitals for convalescent homes—at any rate, that run by the Salvation Army at Hadleigh, near Leigh-on-Sea. The Salvationists have now under their care some hundreds of our wounded Allies, for each of whom they doubtless receive a sum which is quite ample to provide decent housing and good, substantial food. The poor fellows—after leaving the hospitals at which the first stage of their recovery is completed, with feelings of gratitude for the kindness which they had received—are chilled at their reception by their new guardians. No arrangements are made to meet them at the station, they having to walk to the top of a hill more than a quarter of a mile away, whence a motor-bus runs to the Salvation settlement.

THE *Via Dolorosa*.

Some of the men have to be assisted by comrades hardly more able-bodied than themselves, pathetic little groups struggling up the incline so slowly as to occupy half-an-hour to cover the distance. Arrived at the top, a wait in the pouring rain of at least half-an-hour is by no means unusual—the effect of this ordeal upon anyone recovering from severe injuries can be imagined. On reaching their new home (if it can be called such) they find the food of the scantiest quantity and poorest quality. For breakfast, bread and jam and coffee are given, without milk; for dinner, two potatoes, the outside stalks of cauliflowers (the hearts being removed for the consumption of more favoured people), and not more than two ounces of meat. To follow, a sort of plum-duff is served, but this is often uneatable, having turned sour. The result is that the men, who should be recovering their strength with a view to returning to the battle-field, rise from the table more hungry than when they sit down. At tea the same menu is provided as for breakfast—no supper is given. The men naturally complain that they are in a constant state of hunger. The sleeping accommodation is terrible. They are herded like pigs in wooden huts erected in the open, over 40 of them in each. The rain comes through the roofs, so that they are obliged to cover themselves with their overcoats. In their low state they feel the cold so much that they have to move their beds as near the stoves as possible. Since being in the place they have not received a farthing of pocket money, and the poor fellows can be seen dragging themselves miserably about Leigh-on-Sea, looking the picture of woe. The only alleviation of their sad state is the kindness they receive at the hands of local residents, who know something of the facts and pity their condition.

SALVATION "SOLDIERS ARE POLICEMEN."

The Salvationists evidently believe in the maxim of Herbert Spencer that "soldiers"—even of the religious variety—"are policemen," for they seem to regard themselves as the gaolers of these unhappy sufferers. The most drastic rules are strictly enforced; permits are requisite for the shortest absence, and anybody breaking one of the regulations is subject to four days' confinement—several of the Belgians who over-stayed their leave, even by half-an-hour, having had to sleep on plank beds.

No wonder the poor fellows are suffering bitterly. Their physical trials are sufficiently harrowing, but are nothing compared with their mental agony—for their deepest wounds have been inflicted "in the house of their friends," or of those whom they had every right to claim as their friends. We can assure them, however, that the callous attitude which the Salvation Army authorities have adopted towards them in no way reflects British public opinion—and we call upon Mr. Herbert Samuel (who is, we believe, responsible in the matter) to see that the treatment meted out to our brave Belgian Allies, wounded in the war, accords with the sentiment of gratitude towards them which is felt by the public at large.

A RIGHTED WRONG.**NEW LIGHT ON AN OLD QUARREL.**

Slow moving as the "mills of God," the clumsy wheels of the judicial machine sometimes "grind exceeding small," so that, despite vexatious delays, substantial justice is at length effected. A year ago we expressed sympathy with Dr. John Mastin, of Sheffield, who had been involved in troublesome litigation with a local parson, the Rev. J. A. Kerfoot, Vicar of St. John's, Abbeydale. Ultimately, Dr. Mastin was mulcted in damages to the tune of £250, in respect of an alleged libel upon the reverend gentleman, and it was at this point that we directed attention to the peculiar circumstances of the case. Being in an extremely poor state of health, the defendant had allowed the Vicar's action to go by default, although his defence ought clearly to have been presented to a jury. As it was, his abstention from the proceedings was held to "justify the plaintiff's claim, and it merely remained for the Under-Sheriff of Derbyshire and a jury to assess the "damage" suffered by the Vicar. At this inquiry Dr. Mastin was again too ill to put in an appearance, while, through a misunderstanding with his solicitor, he was not legally represented. To add to the hardship of his position, the reason for his absence was withheld from the jury, and commented upon in a most ungenerous manner by the Under-Sheriff.

Upon these facts, and upon a general survey of the case, we ventured the opinion that Dr. Mastin had "suffered a material wrong," but we now learn with considerable satisfaction that the balance of his fortunes has been to some extent redressed. It appears that throughout the earlier proceedings he was advised by Messrs. Auty and Sons, solicitors, of Sheffield, and for negligence in regard to the interests of their client these gentlemen have been brought to book in a way which they are not likely soon to forget. In fairness to the firm it should be said that Dr. Mastin could furnish them with no guarantee as to costs, but this circumstance could not be held to excuse the laxity of their conduct. This, at any rate, was the view taken by Mr. Justice Horridge, before whom Dr. Mastin recently applied for damages against the solicitors. "Mr. Auty undertook the defence of the action out of friendship," said his Lordship, "but he accepted the position of a solicitor and must take the consequences." In these circumstances, the learned Judge ordered Messrs. Auty and Sons to recoup their unfortunate client for the damages originally awarded against him and to pay the costs of the proceedings. His Lordship was clearly of opinion that had Dr. Mastin been properly advised he might quite possibly have defended the libel action successfully. The Judge's observation in this sense will be welcomed by the many friends of the defendant, who believe him to be quite incapable of the action charged against him.

"THERE'S HAIR!"**HORROCKSES OF BRIGHTON OUT-HORROCKSED.**

The London County Hair Refiners, of 25, Richmond Street, St. Luke's, London, E.C., advertise: "HAIR COMBS—INGS wanted. 'Value given.' Their idea of 'value' does not always coincide with that of their clients. One of our lady readers wrote them inquiring what price they paid. In reply, they asked her to forward her parcel when they would be glad to make an offer. The lady sent them an ounce of her severed tresses, with the intimation that if their price was a fair one she would send more. She promptly received an acknowledgment of the consignment: "Madam,—We are much obliged for your parcel of hair, and enclose goods to the value of same." The "goods" comprised half-a-dozen Christmas cards. Burning with indignation, she instantly sent back the cards, and demanded either the return of her hair, or an equivalent in cash. And there the matter rests. The London County Hair Refiners hold the lady's hair, and the "goods to value of same," and have contemptuously ignored her request for payment. We think that before the London County Hair Refiners refine any more hair they would be well advised to refine their methods.

For the lonely Christmas—try our great Christmas Number. 2d. everywhere.

IT'S UP TO YOU, KITCHENER!**"MISS THEM, LOVE THEM, KISS THEM—" BUT KEEP FAITH.**

The time has come for a straight talk. When the war began, more than four months ago we asked the boys to don khaki and fight for King and country, and they responded, and are still responding. Our barrel organs and itinerant cornet players ground out patriotic pieces, including the national anthems of the Allies, and on the music-hall stages pretty misses sang, "We'll miss you, love and kiss you, when you come back again!" Even budding laureates have written poems that are now boomed in certain papers and copies of which are sold at a penny a time. We have reciters on our stages who throw poetic patriotism at us, and every other taxi-cab and van blares out that the duty of the moment is to join at once the Army and help our Allies.

NOT "PLAYING THE GAME."

The response has been splendid. We have as many men as we can handle, and many more than we can handle are still coming forward, anxious to do their bit for the good old flag. But—and by heavens! it is a very big BUT!—the War Department is not playing the game. We have had scales of pay laid down, and scales of separation allowances and other grants. Our boys have left behind them wives, mothers, sisters and other dependents who are, according to various and mystifying pamphlets, supposed to be receiving money from the Government sufficient to keep body and soul together until the heroes come back—if indeed they should have the luck to come back.

We started out with a great blare of trumpets announcing that our men would be generously treated and that their dependents would be well looked after, according to scale duly drawn up. How do we stand? If one hundredth part of the cases brought under our notice were true, the War Department would stand condemned up to the hilt of one of two things—either its pay section has hopelessly broken down, or it has not kept faith with the boys who have joined—and those who know the War Department and its mysterious ways are at liberty to come to their own conclusion. Countless men in the ranks cannot get their full pay, countless men who have earned proficiency pay have not had it, countless dependents cannot get their allowances, and are being haled into the county court or before the beak by grasping landlords and others who are forcing the victims of loyalty to the workhouse.

WANTED, COMMON HONESTY.

Good heavens! Where is it to end? What about the "Miss you, love you, kiss you" business? Blanked flapdoodle. We have baskets full of letters in our office at the present moment complaining of the broken faith of the Government, of the failure of the arrival of the hoped-for allowance that would keep the wolf from the door, of lack of the very pay that the single soldier is entitled to, of the proficiency pay that rewards the man who makes himself a good soldier and a crack shot. The Field-Marshal who is at the head of affairs is a splendid officer, and by far the finest organiser we have. He cannot be in all places at the same time, and being only one man, he cannot stand at the elbow of every chief of department all the day. But he must and will recognise that the present condition of matters—as arranged by the Army Pay Corps or Department, or whatever else you like to call the muddle—is most damnable. It is no time to use Sunday school language. We ask for no inquiry on the part of any Commission, Royal or otherwise. We ask for common honesty to be practised. Common honesty only. Give the man what he is entitled to, and give his dependents what they are entitled to. Let us forget all the tripe written, sung, and recited to induce the men to enlist. Let us remember that thousands and thousands of fine chaps threw up well-paid jobs to take on khaki and army pay, in the faith that our Treasury would keep from starvation those they loved and might be parted from for ever—in the belief that the pledged word of the authorities would be promptly and honourably fulfilled. The thought that, despite these solemn assurances, those dearest to him may be left to suffer hunger and cold, is searing the brain of many a gallant fellow.

Kitchener, will you see to it?

SECRETS FOR SALE.**THE ORLANDO MILLER GANG AGAIN.**

It may be recalled that, following upon our recent exposures, "Dr." Orlando Miller, the egregious "mental healer," of Spring Grove House, Isleworth, W., was sentenced to three months' hard labour for the manslaughter of one of his dupes. His well-merited fate does not appear, however, to have damped the ardour of his disciples, although with at least one death to their account, the principals of the concern seem to be laying less stress upon the "healing" part of the business. With great respect to Dr. Johnson; religion more often than patriotism, is "the last refuge of a scoundrel," and we are by no means surprised to learn that the secular "philosophy" of the Miller school has at length given place to teaching of a more pietistic type. Instead of a "Home of Health and Healing," Spring Grove House has now become "The Esoteric Bible Seminary," and in a pamphlet recently issued the saintly associates of the lately convicted felon seek to interest the public in a weird new faith of their own concoction. Needless to say, their secrets are for sale, and a hint of their priceless character may be gleaned from the following extract:—

The Bible, that Book of Books, was written by men who had a vaster knowledge of the mysteries of nature than we now possess. The Old Testament is the tabernacle of secrets of the highest order. These secrets on account of their private nature have been veiled by a special hieroglyphic mechanism to keep them from the masses. Did the unworthy know, they would rise above their fellow men and use the power for wrong purposes.

This sublime passage may well have come straight from the inspired pen of the one and only Orlando, who has, perhaps, been beguiling his enforced leisure by working out the details of a new and improved guinea-snatching scheme. For, of course, "it's your money they want." After a deal of unctuous rigmarole, the writer "cuts the cackle and comes to the horses" in these terms:—

All shall be yours once you have learned to read the secret buried under these sealed hieroglyphs. It is almost impossible, we might say, to get at the truth that is hidden in the Bible without help and assistance. On this account the Esoteric Bible Seminary has prepared a correspondence course in order to lead all earnest students towards the great knowledge that clears all mysteries.

In short, having discovered the key to the Scripture, the Miller gang, true to their nature, propose to hire it out upon favourable terms. Appropriately enough, the last page of this charming little brochure consists of an "enrolment form" with the legend "enclosed please find One Guinea" prominently displayed. "New faiths for old" is a popular cry, and it is possible that the wheeze may "catch on" here and there. Those disposed to try a guinea's worth may profitably reflect that the precious scheme bears the unmistakable impress of a rascal who, in his lust of gain and notoriety, has already gone near to murder. Meanwhile, we beg to present our compliments to Orlando, and to assure him of our watchful interest in his plans for the future.

ANOTHER WORD WITH THE P.M.G.**WHY NOT FREE POSTAGE TO OUR MEN AT THE FRONT?**

Here is a letter from a large Lincolnshire employer:—

I shall be very glad if you can bring any pressure to bear upon the Post Office authorities to reduce the charges for parcels sent to the troops in France or Belgium. We have sent some small Christmas presents to our local men at the front and find that we had to pay not less than 1s. in any case for postage, while if the parcel weighed more than 3 lbs. the charge was 1s. 4d. The parcels were all of small value, containing cigarettes, notepaper, chocolate etc., and the postage of them (eleven in number) came to 12s. 4d., being about one-third of the value of the little presents themselves.

This is very hard upon poor people who are desirous of sending some trifling remembrance to their sons and other relations at the front. In the case of men who have been taken prisoners, we understand that parcels are sent to them free of charge. Surely some concession might be made by the Post Office at this time of war.

Now then, Mr. P.M.G.!

Our Zeppelin Insurance is FREE. Make your mind easy—fill in the coupon NOW.

OH, OH, BORNEO!**CIGAR MERCHANTS' UNHAPPY OVERSIGHT.**

Bookkeeping errors may occur in the best-regulated offices, but few of them perhaps are of as much public interest as one perpetrated a twelvemonth ago in the counting-house of the North Borneo State Cigar Syndicate, Limited, of Leadenhall Street, E.C. Somewhere about last Christmas, a Nottingham reader received from the Syndicate a small box of "State" cigars, and although he assures us he had ordered nothing from the firm, the parcel proved to be, not a seasonable gift, but a "sample collection," sent upon approval or return. Though not enamoured of such aggressive methods of business, the recipient kept the "smokes," and sent the firm a remittance for 3s. 9d., the invoiced price. In due course he received a receipt for this amount, but by some mischievous chance, the payment seems not to have been properly entered in the books of the Syndicate. In June last our friend was surprised to receive this peremptory demand:—

You owe us 3s. 9d. for the collection of "State" cigars you had last year, and the account must now be settled. We agreed to cancel the amount against an order for any one hundred cigars, and if you care to order 100, enclosing a postal order, the debit will be cancelled. Alternatively, please send the 3s. 9d., otherwise the account will be placed in legal hands.

In the meantime, our correspondent had unfortunately mislaid the firm's receipt, which he has now hunted up and forwarded to us. In these circumstances he ignored this further demand, and, a week or two later, the Syndicate returned to the attack thus:—

Would not the easiest method of settling this account be to send us a postal order for 6s. 9d.? It would clear the account, and at the same time entitle you to 100 "Little Kayas," value 10s. 6d., for the 6s. 9d. we suggest you send. The lure of the "Little Kayas" having failed to elicit the coveted order, the Syndicate next tried the effect of "assorted 'Kinabalu' cigars," left on their hands "through an oversight," and therefore offered "at duty-free prices." Again our informant was proof against the blandishments of the firm, and towards the middle of September last things began to grow warm. At the end of the month the matter was taken over by a firm of debt-collectors, making a speciality of "old and troublesome accounts." The "debtor's" position was now strengthened by the discovery of the lost receipt, but, on October 16th, the Syndicate played their trump card. They wrote:—

YOUR 3s. 9d. DEBT.

This amount is so small, and as you apparently cannot afford to pay, we will make you a present of the sum. Perhaps the oversight had in the meantime been detected, but in any case this piece of impertinence was permitted to conclude the episode. Other readers who may shortly be honoured by the attentions of the Syndicate will do well to keep a sharp eye on their receipts.

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.**ONLY OFFICERS TO BE SAVED ON THE FIELD?**

The following letter from a wounded soldier, now in London, is worthy of serious consideration:—

While I was serving at the front I noticed a very peculiar thing. While marching along the road one day, we suddenly came under shell and rifle fire. Of course we got into the best place available both for cover and firing, when all of a sudden the order came, "Retire by sections from the right!" When it came to my section's turn to retire we had to pass one of the places which another regiment had been holding, and I noticed that there was still one man left, and he was wounded in the knees and could neither walk nor crawl, so I went to his assistance and carried him on my back from his dangerous position into safety. There, with the help of one of my mates, we got him to a hospital. But that does not finish it. On my return I received eight days for falling out of the ranks without permission! The same thing has happened since, and I believe he got mentioned in despatches and highly praised by everyone—only my wounded man happened to be a private and the other an officer. (Discipline on Active Service!)

Evidently in the Army, as elsewhere, circumstances alter cases.

Your friend will appreciate the gift of a "John Bull" Pen. Send NOW. Coupon on p. ii. of Cover.

THE TALE OF THE TEETH.**WE PROVIDE ANOTHER RECRUIT FOR THE ARMY.**

Last Easter a reader went to Williams' Institute, 293, Grays Inn Road, where he was supplied with some upper teeth on a plate, receiving—as he alleges—a verbal assurance that should anything go wrong with them by fair wear during the ensuing twelve months, they would be repaired free of cost. About the time of the outbreak of war the plate cracked. The owner, wishing to enlist, took it to the dentist for repairs, for which 3s. 6d. was demanded. The customer, having been out of work for some time, had not the required amount; moreover, he claimed that they should have been repaired free. This, however, was of no avail—no money, no teeth. In despair, the man paid us a visit, and we got into telephonic communication with the firm, asking them to surrender the artificial molars, and promising to pay the account. Pleased beyond measure, the would-be soldier once more made a trip to where his teeth were resting—but was again disappointed. He, naturally, returned to us, whereupon we wrote to the firm asking them to give the man his teeth and send the account in to us. This met with a direct refusal, so we handed the toothless one the necessary amount and a little over to provide necessaries for his military career. He is now happy, and getting ready to protect Williams' Dental Institute from the Germhuns.

"SMART" SMART.**COLLEGIATE CONCERN CHEATS CREDITORS.**

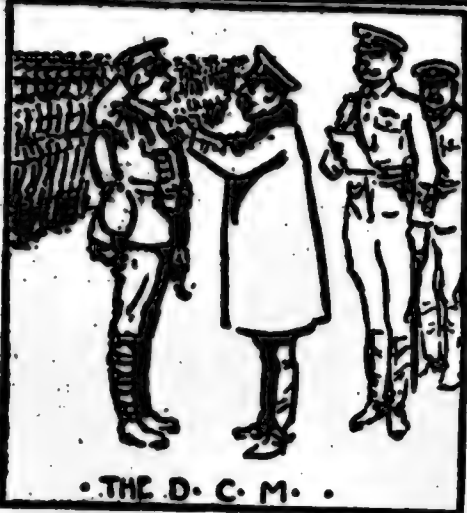
Hard on our recent exposure of the intimate (though denied) connection between "Smart and Co. (B.T.C.), Ltd.," of 8, Bold Street, Liverpool, and "Smart and Co. (Warrington and Chester), Ltd.," late of 1, Buttermarket Street, Warrington, comes the report of a case heard in the County Court at Warrington before Judge Gurner, where a painter and decorator claimed seven guineas from Ernest Smart, because lessons had been discontinued. Smart entered the defence that "he had not carried on business at Warrington for himself for four or five years." It was lucky that he was not called upon to swear to this statement, for Ernest Smart is the principal shareholder and director in Smart and Co. (B.T.C.), Ltd., of Liverpool, and Smart and Co. (Warrington & Chester) Ltd. He and Louisa Jessie Smart hold between them 401 out of the 407 shares issued by the Liverpool concern, and form its Board. It was vendor to the Warrington Company, and holds the only issued debenture (of £100) over it; Ernest Smart holds in his own name 251 out of the 300 shares issued by it, and he was sole remaining director in October when the Company wrote to the Registrar stating that it had no funds to wind itself up. Both companies are mere devices to enable Smart to carry on his scholastic rams with limited liability and unlimited lie-ability—so far as his creditors are concerned. Someone ought to come along and make Ernest Smart "smart" in earnest.

CORPORAL "CHOPSTICKS."**AMUSING INCIDENT AT BORDON CAMP.**

A very old adage is that "soldiers march on their stomachs." They also march on their feet. At Bordon, a few days ago, a corporal of a regiment which shall be nameless, being ordered to take fifty men to the chiropodist, sprang smartly to attention, saluted his officer, and marched his men away. After getting out of the lines, the thought struck him that he did not know his exact destination. "Chiropodist" had been too much for him. In difficulty, he stopped a military policeman with a view to getting his assistance. Whether from ignorance or pure cussedness, "bobby" directed the corporal to the cookhouse, where he conducted his men and reported to the Cook-Sergeant that he had brought them for "chop-sticks." Glad of a fatigue party, "Greasy" soon set them to work. Their task accomplished, they were marched back to their huts and dismissed! The sequel to the affair happened the following day, when the men's feet were inspected by the Company Officer. It is now inadvisable to utter the words "chop-sticks" within the hearing of the corporal!

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY "THE BOW-WOW."



• THE D. C. M. •

With acts of gallantry revealed
Each day, the tidings ring;
Such glorious conduct in the field
Gains medals from our King.



• A BAS ABBAS •

The traitorous Khedive is upset,
"A bas, Abbas!" cries Bull;
He lost at Pyramids, you bet,
And John has scooped the Pool.



• CALLING OUT THE GUARD •

Clerks, artisans, directors, all,
From every City Ward,
Prepare to answer duty's call,
Now join the National Guard.



• BIG BOMB FOR BELGIUM •

The "Daily Telegraph" would send
Two million shillings to the friend
Of Freedom, loved of great and small—
And good King Albert's worth it all.



• BASE INCRATITUDE •

O brave and valiant German crew,
O Kultured of "The Day"!
Magnificent the work you do,
Who babes and women slay.



• ROYAL GIFTS •

Our Queen and Princess greeting send,
To some courageous two
Of our fine lads, Who'll be the friend
To get each billet-doux?

"FRIENDLY" FINANCE.

"WHEN HE GOT THERE THE CUPBOARD WAS BARE."

In November, 1912, one of our readers became a member of the National Deposit Friendly Society, a flourishing concern having a total income of some £460,000 a year. He commenced paying monthly contributions of 2s. and patronised its Savings Bank branch. At the end of 1913 he had paid in as monthly contributions £1 8s., and as deposits 6s. 6d., a total of £1 14s. 6d. The Society deducted 15s. 8d. from this amount under certain heads and carried 18s. 10d. to his credit for 1914. During that year he paid in 14s. as monthly contributions, and his credit was thus £1 12s. 10d. in last October, when he gave notice of withdrawal. Thereupon the Society debited him with just sufficient charges to swallow up the whole of the amount to his credit. It is only fair to say that in this debit was included an item of 7s. 4d. for sick rate, but it also included a charge of 18s. 11d. as a sum "forfeited on withdrawal." Withdrawal of what? For when the member got there, the cupboard (so far as he was concerned) was bare, and so the poor chap had none. These deductions may be, and, probably are, justified by the rules of the Society, of which we notice there are 405, contained in a book of 73 closely printed pages; but it strikes us that if the experience of our informant be the usual one encountered by members, "Friendly" is hardly the word to be used in connection with this concern.

THE CHRISTMAS TOAST.

A health unto our Soldiers!
To our fathers, brothers, sons,
Who face the battle's lightning
And the thunder of the guns,
Who are prepared their lives to give
In order you and I may live.

A health unto our Sailors!
To the men who keep the seas,
That we at home in England
May enjoy a life of ease,
Who night and day, in storm and shine,
Dare the torpedo and the mine.

A health unto our Terriers!
To those trippers o'er the foam,
Who threw up job and wages
And the comforts of a home,
Who're doing all that man can do,
Just because duty told them to.

A health to our Recruits!
Who are training on the Plain,
And learning fighting business
In the snow and slush and rain!
A health unto the heroes all
Who answered to the Country's call!

RICHARD MORTON.

Try "Bullets" as a Christmas pastime—there's money in it.

A CHRIST-LESS CHRISTMAS.

BY NORMAN TIPTAFT.

[Elsewhere we give our idea of the proper sentiment to be inculcated this Christmastide. Below we publish a somewhat different view, without, however, identifying ourselves with it.]

For months now from every hoarding and from every shop window whose owner calls himself a progressive tradesman, large staring posters have met our eyes: "Business as usual."

You see, we are at war—really; and of course the thing for us Britishers to do, being at war, is to try to forget it. War, we say, is an undesirable sort of thing—hence we had better not think about it. And so, "business as usual" having had its fling, we are substituting "Christmas as usual." For centuries we have celebrated Christmas in a certain sort of way. We have had presents and carols and Christmas trees and plum pudding and roast beef, and we cannot let a little thing like Armageddon interfere with it.

This year, as in the former times, we shall attend the Christmas worship and sing the Christmas carols and drink the Christmas toasts and thank Heaven that we are not as other men—not as those poor folks over the Channel, for instance, who are so occupied with fighting that they will have no time to expand with the glow of self-satisfaction.

We shall, of course, drink an extra toast to them, and we shall drink confusion to the Kaiser, and we shall drink to a speedy end of the war, and to our ships catching the German Navy; and having done these things, we shall probably drink to our noble selves.

SEEING IS BELIEVING.

One doesn't like to be bitter, but I stood the other day in the little churchyard at Senlis, by the side of the newly-made graves over which are erected plain simple wooden crosses, telling of the men and women and children who had been murdered by the German apostles of Culture. And as I stood there, a mother brought her child—a little boy about 6 or 7 years old—to put flowers on the grave of his dead father. And the face of the woman and the face of the child were hardly like the faces of those of us who will sit down to the Christmas dinner and drink confusion to our enemies. You see, they *knew* what war was.

Oh, I know all about the choking feeling that comes in the throat as the men march away to the front and the bands play and the people cheer. It does credit to us that we feel so sentimental when they go, but in five minutes' time we have forgotten all about it. Those people in Senlis will never forget. They have not read about the war in books; they have seen it in the blackened ruins of their homes, in the dead bodies of their nearest and dearest—and it is different.

My friends, we have no imagination. We are as thick-headed in our own way as the Germans in theirs. True, the raid on the East Coast has brought home some slight idea of what war is, but few, comparatively, of us live in the bombarded towns. We shall see no irony on Friday in chanting "Hark, the herald angels sing," or talking of "Peace on earth, goodwill to men." Possibly, we believe it—I do not know. I only know that, for myself, I have seen just a little of what has happened during the past four months, and what is happening to-day, and that for me Christmas has become a farce, a meaningless Pagan feast.

WHAT I SAW.

Talk about religion. These stern men have forgotten there ever was such a thing. Tell me of the religion of those men I saw in the hospitals—one had a bullet through his head that ripped out his top and bottom jaws and part of his brain; they are curing him.

Another was a negro from somewhere in North Africa, who probably in his own land worshipped a native God, but who, because of the German God of Culture, had been brought to France to have his body ploughed up with shrapnel. What angel song of "Peace on earth, goodwill to men," think you these people believe? And we—we hide ourselves behind the Fleet that sweeps the grey seas, and prate of "Christmas as usual," and pray for a speedy victory. Pray, that is, in the name of the Prince of Peace, that our guns may gash and tear and murder the Germans and Austrians faster than theirs can murder us; pray that our shots will hit and theirs miss; that our barbed wire will cripple them and that theirs may prove ineffectual; pray for our wounded and dying.

Let us have done with it all. Have done with the cant that teaches us we are civilised, with the hypocrisy that we have smothered ourselves with, and let us look things in the face.

In France, Russia, Austria, Serbia, Belgium to-day, men and women and children are being murdered because the nations of Europe (ourselves among them), had been weak and cowardly in the face of German aggression and German preparation.

Germany does not pretend to have any other morality than that of the weak to the wall, and the devil take the hindmost. There is no other morality that governs the states of Europe to-day. Your respectable credos and your beautiful ideals of "Peace on earth" are as nothing, and less than nothing, before the tramp of men armed and equipped for war.

A FEAST OF BLOOD.

Under these conditions, there is but one thing to do. They who have drawn the sword must perish by the sword. Perish as utterly and completely as some of the tribes against whom the ancient Israelites fought. This is not a struggle of the intellect, but of the primitive savage. A struggle for the survival of the fittest—and the fittest is that nation whose guns are surest, whose shells are most deadly, whose men are most brutal.

"Horrible," I can hear you say. Ah, very horrible to say, but go and see men with their brains oozing out, their faces torn to shreds, go and see the mutilated bodies of the dead; go and see the haunting fear of the women and children; and then, if you will, eat your Christmas dinner and drink your Christmas toasts and play your Christmas games, and sing your Christmas carols and pray your Christmas prayers.

Some many thousands of years hence, they will celebrate Christmas. There will be no war and no terror. Fear will have passed by never to return, poverty will have been banished and evil driven from the land. But before that day comes, there will be ages of struggle and suffering and pain. Men may read in their histories of the bad days that went before, but at the most, they will be a distant memory, and the race will march onward and upward toward a future greater and finer than we can see. Only one thing it is ours to do—to make that future possible. We shall not see the end of it; however hard the way may be for us, and however little the reward, all that good time coming will have been made possible by those half-civilised creatures of the twentieth century—who, knowing little, yet knew how to endure unto the end.

Footballer's note! This week's contest is for ONE WEEK only, so enter now.

WHERE THE SHOE PINCHES.**THE IMPERIAL BOOT CO.'S GLACE "KID."**

"FREE SHOES!" shrieked a heading heralding the following offer:—"Owing to a large order being cancelled, The Imperial Boot Co. (St. John's Avenue, Leicester), have 5,000 Pairs of Ladies' High-Class Glace Gibson Shoes to offer. These shoes are the very latest Style, with Cuban Heels, Patent Toecaps, and the large eyelets. They were made for a large Store to sell at 5s. 11d., and we have decided to actually clear them out at 3s. a pair, or 3 pairs for 8s., and persons sending for Gibson Shoes are entitled to a pair of Warm House Shoes FREE, as per offer we send. Money returned if not satisfied." Three of our lady readers succumbed to the temptation, clubbed together, and sent 9s. for three pairs of Gibson shoes, adding the extra shilling so as to make sure of getting three free pairs of "Warm House Shoes." The three pairs of "Gibsons" duly arrived, but no "warm house shoes" accompanied them. Instead, a small printed notice to the following effect:—

If you refer to our Advert., we state that persons sending for Gibson Shoes are entitled to a pair of Warm House Shoes FREE as per offer we send. That OFFER is, introduce one customer, then you will be entitled to a pair of Shoes free.

After examining the quality of the Gibson shoes our informants concluded that their chance of introducing a customer for them was more than remote, and could quite understand the order for 5,000 pairs having been cancelled. "Money returned if not satisfied," runs the advertisement. The shoes were promptly sent back, with a request for the return of the 9s. And we now await with interest to hear whether The Imperial Boot Co., of Leicester, duly fulfilled their undertaking to return the money.

ALL "BRITISH"?**MUCH POINT IN THE FULL STOP.**

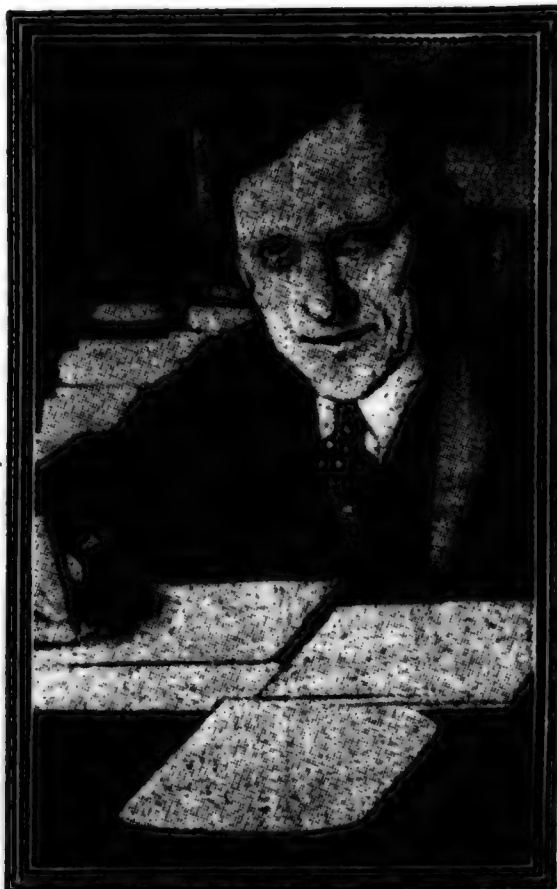
Charles T. Robey, Ltd., of Coventry, are "The World's Provider." They must be. They say so themselves. They are very anxious at the moment to provide the world with gramophones. They are also aware that at the present time there is a strong prejudice existing in favour of "all-British" goods. Moreover, they have discovered that there is much virtue in a full stop, as well as in an "if." One of their latest advertisements depicts crowds of British soldiers and sailors, in hospital, in camp, and aboard ship, laughing uproariously at the music which is supposed to be issuing from the ornate funnel of one of their "magnificent" instruments. It is a beautiful, patriotic touch, rubbed well in by the stern admonition, printed in large letters, to "Be BRITISH!" followed by advice, couched in a lighter vein, to "keep a brave heart." This desideratum, it appears, can be achieved by the aid of a "Robeyphone." It is a case of "Let us be joyful"; but instead of taking a Captain's biscuit at this point, as did the immortal Mr. Pecksniff, you take a "Robeyphone." Now we have no desire to do an injustice, either to Messrs. Charles T. Robey, Ltd.'s, grammar or to their honourable intentions. But there are a couple of sentences in their advertisement of which the meaning is not plain. They say: "I will cheerfully send you on *seven days' free playing test in your own home* A MAGNIFICENT GRAMOPHONE. ALL-BRITISH solid oak Cabinet." Will Messrs. Robey as cheerfully inform us whether the words "All-British" apply to the "magnificent gramophone," or merely to the "solid oak cabinet"? The presence of the full stop justifies our asking, like Rosa Dartle, "for information." "Be British!" is excellent advice. We beg Messrs. Robey, to follow it by resolving our doubts.

"HOW HISTORY IS MADE!"

We reproduce—without comment and without permission—the following half-page illustration from the *Daily Mirror* of December 16th—described as "a group of notable publicists who have persistently warned the British public of the German menace. Varying in personal temperaments, individual interests and political sympathies, they have been united by a common patriotism to forewarn and arm the Empire against Germany's long premeditated attack."

THE MEN WHO WARNED GREAT BRITAIN OF THE GERMAN MENACE.

Arnold White, a well-known writer.
Vanoc, of the *Referee*.



J. L. Garvin, Editor of the *Observer* and *Pall Mall Gazette*. One of the ablest and most patriotic journalists alive.



Lord Northcliffe, Proprietor of *The Times*, *The Daily Mail*, and *London Evening News*.



H. W. Wilson, Hon. Editor of the *Navy League Journal*, and member of the Navy League.



Robert Blatchford, Socialist, Editor of *Clarion*, and author of articles in *Weekly Dispatch*.

If you want to please the Ladies at home, buy a copy of "Mary Bull"—it is bound to please.

"PEACE (!) ON EARTH."

BY AN EMANCIPATED PARSON.

The present conflict is the greatest war ever waged since the world began, because it is a war for the things of the Spirit; a war of Right against Might; a war on behalf of the Ideal against the devilries of Nietzsche, the mud and slime of cruelty and bestiality and lunacy, the tiger and the ape in Man. Watching lately a little fleecy white cloud in the azure, on a lovely, peaceful Sabbath afternoon, it seemed strange indeed to think that below it, on this world which God has made so beautiful, and man has turned into a hell, a horrible and terrible war was raging. What a nightmare it seems: to let the mind dwell upon it long is impossible: to anyone possessed of even small powers of imagination it is heartbreaking. Oh, the piteous and pathetic incidents already recorded! Long ago the author of that great novel "John Inglesant" declared that "Infinite pity is needed for the infinite pathos of human life": that was ordinary human existence; how much more now, when the diseased brain and world lust of one man has released a flood of woe upon the world? What problems are engendered by this awful occurrence in the thoughtful mind! *Quid bono?* What's the good of anything? The world has gone mad. The highest, claiming to be the Lord's anointed, acts thus. What price then we little mortals, "men in the street"? But we must not let go our anchors and drive before the spiritual gale. Right is still right, and wrong, wrong. Still the imperishable words of Robertson, of Brighton, ring out—words uttered amid awful spiritual darkness and depression—"It must be right to do right." But if we look to the Church—especially those blind guides, the Bishops—shall we receive guidance? No. The soft, flabby babblers, the trimmers who live in palaces, give no direction, and make no sign. It is a fine opportunity for the clergy to talk "tosh." But oh! for once, in the face of this awful thing, *let us be sincere.*

Let us commend our dear ones to God, as they go forth valiantly to the great fight, but let us leave it at that. It would be a funny war if every prayer were answered, and no soldier killed. If men go to a place where bullets are flying and shells bursting many will die: laws of Nature will not be suspended, a series of miracles will not be worked. Let us be sincere. Let us show our faith our *works*, by *doing* what we can for the comfort and help of the great fellows who are fighting for the Empire's life. Christmas is with us. Christmas! Season of "peace and goodwill." Are we this year, in the face of such awful realities, to have the old mummeries, the old inanities trotted out? Just as doubtless in many places a few months ago congregations sang:—

All is safely gathered in
when such was patently not the case—are we, oh,
supreme irony, to sing:

Peace on Earth and mercy mild
when belike we shall have read the day before in our
papers of the slaughter of thousands of men; when
ferocious savagery stalks the earth, when miles of
ground are strewn with writhing forms, and some of
the fairest regions are a bath of blood? If we have ser-
vices, let them at least be appropriate to the solemn
and awful time we are passing through. Some things
surely can be received only in silence. Let every man
to his closet if he will, and in silence wrestle, as Jacob
wrestled of old, with the awful Unknown, but let us
not mock the dead staring eyes, the mangled bodies,

the groans, the tears, the blood, with our inane "Carols,"
our hymns that have lost meaning, our "merriment,"
and our ghastly mockery of facts. And with the re-
making of the map of Europe, when the Teuton is
at last humbled, and the modern pinch-beck Lucifer
has fallen never to rise again, shall there not go also
a religious reconstruction, a second Reformation?
Will the Churches still go doddering on, labouring on, as
Masterman says, "Amid a huge indifference"? or
will the great doctrine of Human Brotherhood, and
the lack of the one great thing needful—Love—be
realised indeed?

So many gods, so many creeds,
So many paths that wind and wind,
While just the art of being kind
Is all the sad world needs.

Will the Clergy cease to be, as they are now almost
to a man, hide-bound Conservatives? Will they cease
to support a system which puts it in the power of two
men, one a hoary dotard, saturated with caste and
"etiquette," and the other a blasphemous lunatic,
to plunge a world into war and woe; or will the Church
be, as she should be, of no Party at all; and the Clergy
come out solid for a Business Government, and a broad,
tolerant, all-embracing religion—a religion of the
Spirit, to which none can take objection, and at which
none will dare to sneer?

Yes, I am an emancipated parson. This war and
Mr. Bottomley have emancipated me, who am but one
among many who have doubtless found in him "lamp
and staff and guide." To him, as he stands grandly
defying our enemies, and week after week infusing
fresh courage into the hearts of his countrymen, the
words of the bard seem singularly applicable:—

Brow that braved the tides that fain would over-
flow it;

Lip that gave the challenge, hand that flung the
glove;

Comforter and prophet, paraclete and port,
Soul whose emblems are an eagle and a dove.

When this awful war is over, and the Minotaur of
German militarism has been hewn in pieces; when
the world is purified from the stench and poison of
those twain incarnated effluvia of Hell, Nietzsche and
Treitschke, with their reptilian brood; when men can
smile once more, may there be a universal emancipation
of the human mind; may the scales fall from many
eyes, eyes of the great as also of the lowly; may the old
bad things pass away, and all things become new.
May none then be for Party, but all for the State, and
may we worship the great God of the Universe, not in
wrangling sects, but grandly, "in spirit and in truth."
May the blood of the martyrs, the martyrs of Belgium,
and that of all who may die in this struggle for Right
and Truth and the things of the Spirit, be the end
whence shall spring "a new created world," in which
the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the
deaf unstopped; and the waste places shall revive
and blossom as the rose. Oh, may the blood of the
heroes shed—all the mighty valour shown, all the
strength put forth, and treasure poured out, for right,
for liberty, for truth, for justice, for kindness, humanity
and love, for all the things that really matter—redound
to the glory of God, be for the blessing, strengthening,
and ennobling of our land, and the sweetening of the
world for all. Meanwhile, in the words of the old
Russian march, "Thunder of victory resound!"

Christmas comes but once a year—so does our Xmas Number, 2d. Then get it now—nearly sold out.

FIFTEEN YEARS AFTER.

A WIFE'S REFLECTIONS.

It is a frosty night—December 25th, 1929. "Oh, father, mother said I might bicycle over and see Uncle Phil; he's got a lovely house at Surbiton and a motor-car, and we all went for a ride," said Charlie.

A cloud passes over my husband's face. "And he took me into his smoking-room and showed me his medals. Father, why didn't you go to the war?" A dead silence. I knew well enough that my husband could explain, but he was too honourable to give the real reason. I, who was then in 1914 his fiancée, had begged him not to go, and with the power I naturally was able to exercise, I over-persuaded him, and I helped him to make excuses to himself that it would spoil his career.

But what of his younger brother, Phil? He had a fiancée, too, in 1914, little plain Mary; what did she do? She told Phil to go; she went up with him and saw old Mr. Robertson, the senior partner, and got him to promise to take Phil back into the office when he returned from the war. Phil and my husband both worked in the same office. I told my husband Phil was an ass to go to the war, and that there were plenty of other men to play at soldiers.

Phil had come back after two years. He held himself straighter than Dick—he was more alert—and when Mr. Robertson wanted a new manager for their branch in Calcutta, he chose Phil; and now he is a director of the company, and Dick is, and always will be, a clerk.

Why did I do this thing? I know now it was because I was ignorant of the true facts; I didn't realise that in 1914 Britain was fighting for its existence as a country and as a nation. I didn't realise that if there had not been 500,000 Phils ready to respond when called upon, Britain would have gone under, and Mr. Robertson's business would have been ruined. They didn't tell me then what would happen to me if a foe landed in England, but, if they had, oh, if they had—Dick should have gone, too!

RETARDING RECRUITING.

VACCINATION IS VEXATION. MARTINETISM DRIVES US MAD.

Although Parliament has decreed that in regard to whether he shall be vaccinated or inoculated Tommy shall have the right to decide for himself, some martinets still, as "men under authority," think that they have the right to say to one man, "Go, and he goeth; and to another, Come, and he cometh." Complaints reach us from recruits to all branches of Lord Kitchener's army that pressure is put upon them to secure their consent to inoculation. Although there is open disavowal of any attempt at compulsion, men are quietly told that unless they allow themselves to be inoculated their Christmas leave will be stopped—a threat which is emphasised by the common knowledge among the rank and file that recalcitrants have already had their Sunday passes withheld. Those who are standing out are naturally feeling very uncomfortable—especially in the case of non-commissioned officers, as they have received a hint that unless they are more complaisant they will have to leave the messes to which their rank entitles them.

Men who desire, naturally, to retain the birthright of Britons—their honest opinion—on arriving back at their quarters, wet through after a fatiguing day, have to sit in their dripping clothes and listen to long sermons by medical men on the advantages of serum. Despite these unworthy attempts at coercion, many a man who, by reason of his courage, moral as well as physical, was certain to be a credit to the British army, is suffering unjustly. If the fanatics who are endeavouring to force their own opinions upon our troops, despite the behests of Parliament, would only look about them they would see the harm they are doing to the cause of their country. Recruits are not likely to be encouraged to join when they are made aware of the fact that the will of a faddist can be imposed upon them in this unworthy way. As to the lecturers, they would do well to remember that "he that complies against his will, is of his own opinion still."

A REAL XMAS AND NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

WE are making a sensational Christmas offer to introduce the marvellous value obtainable at the JOHN BULL'S STORE. A superb shaving outfit: Razor, Brush, Shaving Stick and Case—never before sold at less than 25/-—FOR 7/6 POST FREE.

Every Set carries with it the guarantee shown below—money back if not satisfied.

Read the following unsolicited Testimonials:—

DEAR SIR,—I received the "John Bull Shaving Set" quite safely this morning (Tuesday) and I must say I am very pleased with it. I shall certainly recommend your Store to all my friends. Thanking you very much for prompt delivery as well.—I remain, yours, &c., B. C. POPE.

21, Campbell Street, Llandelly, S. Wales, Dec. 15th, 1914.

DEAR SIR,—I received Shaving Set this morning, and I find that it is all you claim it to be. To cut a long story short I may say that it is absolutely the best thing I have seen of its kind. It is a bargain. After I had written you for the "tit-bit," a friend of mine tried to convince me that I was being had. I told him to wait and see, which he did. Now he is kicking himself because he did not send for one. He is not a reader of "J.B.," otherwise he would have known that old adage, "J.B.," if you see it in "J.B." it is so. Enclosed is the amount for another set. If you have any left, for my suspicious friend.—I remain, etc., 59, Cemetery Road, Bridgend, Glam. W. DURRANT.

THE "J.B." SHAVING SET.

Every "J.B." Safety-Razor Outfit includes the following:—

1. An all-British Nickel Plated "J.B." Safety Razor that will last practically for ever. Adjustable in a moment and cleaned in a few seconds.
2. Six splendid keen razor blades of good honest Sheffield steel, finely ground and perfectly tempered.
3. A magnificent best quality hair Shaving Brush in an "always bright" metal case.
4. A Simplex Shaving Stick—also in a bright nickel-plated case. A superfatted shaving soap that makes shaving a pleasure.
5. A strong, compact leatherette box lined with silk, in which the whole outfit can be packed in a moment. Especially useful to travellers, and invaluable for sailors and soldiers.

Send to-day for this wonderful 25/- "J.B." Safety Razor Set, 7/6 post free from JOHN BULL'S STORE, newnlow House, 51, High Holborn, London, W.C.

Guarantee:

The John Bull Safety Razor Set has been submitted to and fully approved by the Editor of "John Bull." Any customer dissatisfied with the purchase will have the money returned in full.



Usual Price: 25/-
Special to "J.B." readers:

7/6 ONLY.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

[This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.]

To Admiral Sir John Jellicoe, British Grand Fleet.

DEAR SIR JOHN,—I cannot let the Christmas season pass without a hearty salvo of good wishes to you and your gallant officers and men. Despite the mutterings of a few disgruntled critics, your patient and effective labours have inspired the confidence and admiration of the nation at large, and we wait, with what patience we can muster, for the crowning triumph which must ultimately reward your vigil. Meanwhile, the mean and desultory tactics of the foe have nerved our people to loftier courage and sterner resolve. With quiet confidence we look to you to avenge our honour, and to vindicate our lordship of the sea.

JOHN BULL.

To Field-Marshal Sir John French, Commander-in-Chief, British Expeditionary Force.

DEAR SIR JOHN,—On behalf of my readers in all parts of the Empire, I send you seasonable greetings, and to the officers and men in your command an earnest message of good cheer. May our gallant troops be assured that our thoughts and sympathies are constantly with them and that nothing can impair our watchful appreciation of their sterling work. While bating nothing of our pride in their splendid feats of arms, we are especially conscious, at this season, of the deeper meaning of the world-conflict, and the hope is strong within us that out of the midst of war enduring peace may come. Here's a health to you, sir, and to the King's Army, and may speedy triumph crown your toils!

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor of London.

DEAR MY LORD MAYOR,—Your lordship's scheme for a National Guard is excellent. As I understand, it has not yet got much further than the City, but that will be cured in time. The good idea was to establish a self-supporting corps of men of middle age, able and willing to clothe, arm, equip, and train themselves at their own expense. But I miss details as to cost, an essential thing for many of this class of men to know. If I may venture to say so, your Lordship should have given an estimate of the expense in detail. No doubt the oversight will be remedied in due course. In the meantime, I wish for the men of the National Guard all they wish for themselves and for the nation they will assist to defend within its shores, should the day of invasion ever arrive. In our time I believe that is as little likely to occur as an invasion of the moon, but there is the example of t'owd 'uns to t'young 'uns for long, long years ahead to consider—and forewarned is forearmed. At last we know for ourselves and our children where we stand; for the sake of our children's children—blood of our British blood and bone of our British bone—it is up to us to take care lest we fall. The season's greeting to you, my Lord—"Britain for Ever!"

JOHN BULL.

To H.I.M. the Kaiser, Potsdam, Germany.

MAJESTY,—At this festive season of the year it is customary among civilised peoples for men to address their fellow creatures in terms of felicitation and joy. I have therefore the honour to wish Your Majesty a miserable Christmas and a horrible New Year.

JOHN BULL.

To Admiral Von Ingenohl, German High Seas Fleet.

FOUL FOE,—You are doubtless gratified by the knowledge that the recent raid of your cruisers upon our unprotected seaside resorts resulted in the death or injury of some hundreds of civilians, including a large proportion of women and children. According to your miserable conception of the art of war, you have without question scored a signal triumph. Our Fleet will not retaliate in kind, but you must not assume that you will long escape the just penalty of this wanton deed. Meanwhile I congratulate you upon the sound discretion which has directed your murderous guns against churches, hotels and private dwelling houses rather than against the warships of the British Grand Fleet.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Reginald McKenna, M.P., Home Secretary, London.

DEAR MAC,—If you and the police and the military authorities are not too busy worrying the soldier and the citizen about their beer and their morals, do you mind attending to the German agents, naturalised and unnaturalised, who are seemingly very busy in our east and north-east coast towns? Speaking for myself, I am rather anxious to spend at the seaside a restful Christmas and the early days of what I trust will be a comfortable New Year, but I certainly shall feel very far from comfy if I am blown from the turkey and the plum-pudding to the skies by the guns of German warships. Unless our coast towns are harbouring spies who find means of conveying information to the enemy, it is not easy to understand how the Germans invariably negotiate our mine fields and time their raids for an hour of the clock when our fleet is either at breakfast, hasn't woke up, or has gone to bed. Anyhow, I think we are taking too many chances to keep in good health, and the policeman on the beat should be immediately authorised to request all Vaterlanders to remove inland fifty miles at least at an early date. It is possible, even probable, that he may here and there make a mistake, but then he can always say he is sorry and look it, which is a thundering sight more than any German policeman would do to any Briton in similar circumstances. This is a very different thing from ordering the Fleet about as some gentlemen of the press are doing. I am not going to interfere in any way with its dispositions. It has a very good opinion of itself, thank heaven, and if it is convinced it can manage itself and the von Tirpitz without my assistance, it is probably correct. All I have to do is to move a vote of confidence, carry it unan., and wait till the clouds roll by. But this does not debar me from pointing out that the enemy apparently does receive information of value from our shores. I must therefore request your strict attention to business—with all the compliments of the season.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. F. B. Meyer, Minister for Home and Foreign Morals, On Tour.

REV. FRIEND,—Just at the moment when I am contemplating employing a few hours of evening leisure, well-earned, in a round of the national pantomime, my attention is drawn to the fact that you are warning Christians not to enter the theatre—firstly because if they do they will contract a habit which will induce them "to slide by insensible degrees"; secondly, because the "standard of morals" presented is shocking; thirdly, because "life on the stage is not friendly to virtue, but strongly the reverse"; fourthly, because they "will not be able to resist the evil influences of the average theatre-goer's life, but will drift into the love of the sensational and sensuous to the ruin of the nobler qualities of the soul." I do wish I could find something to ruin the qualities of your pharisaical fiddlesticks. Hundreds of men possessing, like yourself, the nobler qualities of the soul would, I do assure you, be a great deal better off for the moral lessons of some plays than ever they have been or will be for canting pietarianism. If there is anything the matter with the theatre as an agency of public entertainment, I imagine it is the business of the Christian to go in and do his best to save it from temptation and deliver it from evil. Really, there is very little the matter with it in these days except incipency and boredom, and if it dies it will die, not of an excessive vice, but of an excessive virtue.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. C. F. G. Masterman, M.P.

DEAR WANDERER.—At the moment of writing I am not quite sure that you are entitled to the familiar letters, but, in any case, you soon will be, for I understand that at the express request of the Chancellor of the Exchequer you are to be returned unopposed for the Borough of Swansea. From North West Ham to Bethnal Green and thence via Ipswich to South Wales, is a long and tedious jaunt for the most robust of carpet-baggers, but I gather that you have sustained the ordeal without the least fatigue. I congratulate you not only upon your return to active political life, but upon the unobtrusive skill with which you have contrived to put the whole width of England between South Hackney and the constituency of your choice.

JOHN BULL.

Another big "Bullets" Prize offer this week. See page 28.

A CHRISTMAS TOAST.



"To those who've fallen in the Fight,
To those still battling for the Right—

God bless them all! And make us kind
To all their dear ones left behind."

"KNOCKED."

By S. H. NORMAN.

What a little time it is since Johnson's business acquaintances voted him such a nailing good sort, such a brilliant man! At that time everything he touched succeeded. But now! The declaration of war caused poor Johnson's "good things" and "practical certainties" to become merely absolutely un-negotiable stock, and this combined with the closing of the Stock Exchange had reduced him in a very short space of time from successful business man, husband and father to a mere hunted human creature, seeing in every prosperous passer-by his superior in the race of life, fearing in every shabby one a possible dun or process-server.

At first, the question of re-employment hardly gave him anxiety. It was only a question of being clerk instead of master, employed instead of employer, and various friends seemed ready to recommend him and stand by him.

In those early days he did not think much about enlistment, for his age and a troop of unprovided-for children seemed serious obstacles. He had never done any volunteering, he was an indifferent shot.

I see him mingling with the busy throng in the Strand—in them but not of them. A jostling city clerk elbows him aside without receiving retort or answering shove. As the dingy fog creeps up from the river, the rapidly lessening light tells him another day of failure is drawing to a close.

Johnson makes his way to his train and gets into the nearest third-class compartment he sees, glad to be done with the roar and bustle which, nowadays, sounds so unfeelingly, so hopelessly, in his ears. As the train races on out into the open country, his spirits seem to revive somewhat, and when he steps on to the platform at C—the clean, sweet country air—though he is even now within twenty miles of London—gives him fresh energy to attack his long walk home.

As he nears his destination, his eyes brighten, the whole man becomes younger; he is looking for the never-failing beacon of light that casts a pale golden glow over the dark, little garden and makes a bright spot in the quiet country lane; and suddenly, his idea comes to him.

"My God! Why shouldn't I?" he thought, "if it weren't for Nellie and the little kiddies."

The click of the gate brings an army of rosy-cheeked children to the cottage door, who cling to his arms and legs and grasp handfuls of his old great coat. But where is mother, he asks? Mother is not far off, but a savoury odour coming from the tiny kitchen tells us her duties are too important at the present minute to permit of interruption. Ten minutes later, they are all gathered in the little dining-room. Johnson finds he is hungry after all.

Later on, when the children are asleep and there is a thin mist of tobacco smoke in the room, husband and wife talk over the events of the day and the anxieties of the future. It is then Johnson unfolds his plan.

We see him once again. The children are too excited and pleased at the unlooked-for glory of seeing their very own father in all the pride of his khaki to realise what it means. His wife seems wonderfully calm and cheerful. Only those who know her intimately would see by the tell-tale little quiver of her mouth how acutely she is suffering. She is as always, gentle, capable and cheerful. Johnson's slim, active body and quiet steady face are already braced and at "attention." A new light is in the keen, grey eyes. We see him waving a last farewell as he strides away, the soft colour of his uniform blending almost imperceptibly with the wintry tints of the lane until he is finally lost to view.

Please God, Johnson will again one day tread his cottage path. His uniform perhaps tattered and old, the man within showing signs of hardship and suffering. It is possible even that the greater price may be asked of him. Then we shall hear of him only as if he had died ingloriously of illness or perished in a chance motor accident. For Johnson is only a motor lorry driver at six shillings a day, after all. But all the same, we know that Johnson's common-place name is enrolled for ever on the list of those who gave all they had and gave gladly the best they had to give—their own lives. No man can do more than this.

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

MR. McKENNA.

Mornin', sir . . . this chair, sir, please . . . 'air cut? yessir. . . . Thank you, sir. . . . Am I an alien? Not 'arf, sir! My farther keeps a lager beer 'all in Dusseldorf an' me mother runs a sossidge shop in the same street. . . . Surprised, sir? There's 'undreds of 'us 'Uns still locse in London. . . . Wea, wee, I mean yah, yah. . . . Look 'oo we've got at the 'ead of the 'Ome Office! You should 'ear 'us Germans larfin' at McKenna w'en we gits together in a quiet little place wot we know of. . . . Sorry, sir; did I prick yer ear? . . . Wouldn't take me fur a German? Corse you wouldn't! I see ter thet. . . . Nobody knows 'cept you an' me, sir, an' you ain't likely ter give me away. I can see from yer face . . . you're a nice, kind gentleman with a soft 'eart (aside: an' a soft 'ead). . . . You see, sir, we Germans learn English easy as easy. . . . We learn 'ow ter tork Cockney, an' pawss fur Englishmen. . . . Jew ever see JOHN BULL, sir? . . . A rag, I call it—darn on the Kayser, darn on Kulcher, an' darn on McKenna. . . . Thenk Gawd fur McKenna, I say. . . . I shouldn't be 'ere nar if it wosn't fur 'im. . . . 'E don't 'appen to be a bit of a German 'imself, d'yer think, sir? . . . No? . . . All right, sir, all right! . . . Don't take it so much to 'eart. I wos referrin' to McKenna, not chew. . . . I reckon 'e must 'ave slept with 'Aldane at some crowded 'ouse party, an' caught a bit of German symperthy from 'im, else 'e wouldn't let us orf so light, some of us. . . . 'Corse, we appreciate 'is kindness, but I tell yer, sir, 'e wouldn't be 'Ome Secretary long in Germany, give yer my word, not if 'e done 'is bizniss there like wot 'e does 'ere. . . . 'E d git the kibosh from the Kayser pritty quick. . . . A bit shorter round the ears? . . . Yessir, cert'n'y, sir. . . . Nawsty thing Hartlepool and Scarborough being bombarded wosn't it, sir—wot? . . . Unpreventable? Think so, sir? . . . P'r'aps if you knew all you wouldn't think it so unpreventable, sir. . . . There's 'undreds of 'us Germans still loose, sir, an'—well, I 'ear some funny things from my German pals w'en I meet 'em in thet quiet little show wot I wos a-tellin' you about, sir. . . . Thet German orficer, f'instance, wot very near escaped out of England in a box. . . . 'E wos farnd out, but 'ow meny 'ave done it all right up ter now, jer think? . . . W'y, more'n you an' me an' McKenna knows of, sir, take it from me. . . . Seem to know more'n I oughter know? . . . 'Ow's thet sir? I can't 'elp knowin' wot I'm told, can I, sir? . . . 'Corse, you can tell some people things till you're black in the face, an' then they won't believe it, no, not if it's shoved right under their noses. . . . Thet's like Mister McKenna, forchunately fur 'us Germans 'ere in London. . . . Think you'll 'ave to report me to the police? . . . Shouldn't 'ave thort it of yer, sir. . . . you don't look thet sorter man. . . . You wouldn't bring down 'ardship on a pore young German workin' 'ard fur a living, would jer, sir? . . . A little brilliantine to brighten you up, like, sir? . . . Oh, yes, sir, I'll promise not to do anything wrong w'ile the wore larsts. . . . Thank you, sir; thet's very good of yer, sir. . . . Good day, sir! thank you. . . .

There's a soft-'earted mug! Thinks I'm a German, an' then lets me orf! . . . I ad to pull 'is leg. . . . Won't some o' the other Members larf w'en they drop in 'ere, an' I tell 'em the tale! . . .

THE FLINT FUND.

MARLOW MAN'S MARTIAL LOVE.

The public are invited by that gentleman to send donations to "Hayden Crawford, Esq., Marlow, Bucks," for the purpose of purchasing flint and tender lighters for Tommy's pipe. In the circular Hayden Crawford, Esq., draws a pitiable picture of Tommy, with fag or pipe, but unable to get a smoke because his matches had got damp in the trenches. Now, to be perfectly frank, we have no knowledge whatever of Hayden Crawford, Esq., of Marlow, but we may safely say with Pope that "of olden rush in where angels fear to tread." From documents before us, issued by Hayden Crawford, Esq., it is quite obvious it is a one-man show, and be he of ever so irreproachable a character. It is not right for him to appeal for funds in this way.

Single-week Football Contest—Prizes £1,000, £250, £50, £25. See page 27.

"A GLORIOUS FEED."

A letter from the front about Armours. "Our Soldiers' Surprise Box."

The following is an extract from a letter received from a private at the front, dated December 10th and passed by censor No. 1676:—

The very evening I received the "Soldiers' Surprise Box" we went up to the trenches. We came back next day having been up all night and practically without grub for the best part of the next day—you can guess we were in a very exhausted state. Somehow I had clung to my "Surprise Box" all the way. In our new billet (viz., a far) we soon had a fire going, and after a little rest we secured a loaf and butter. I then opened the chicken tin and Christmas pudding tin. There were ten of us. Didn't we have a feed! The biscuit, salmon paste, and half the chocolate went too. There was plenty of chicken for the lot of us.

After that glorious feed (it was just like Christmas) we wrapped ourselves in our great coats and fell asleep on the straw. We slept thirteen hours and awoke the following morning, feeling very much refreshed. I am keeping the ox tongue, veal and ham, sardines, etc., for the next time we have a spell in the trenches.

I can tell you my companions and myself were very thankful indeed to you and all at the office for your kindness. One can only realise the value of a home when one endures a little hardship as we have been of late. However, we are all happy and flourishing, as I hope you are.

Many thanks and Happy Christmas.

This letter shows how much joy and relief from the monotony of war rations was brought to ten brave men in the trenches, for the outlay of only one sovereign.

Think of your own Christmas dinner and then think of trench fare. You will enjoy yours far more if you have the knowledge that somebody you know, or some lonely soldier you don't know, is entertaining a party of companions "somewhere in France" out of a "Soldiers' Surprise Box" that cost you only a pound. Order from your grocer giving name, rank, or regimental number and name of regiment or vessel, as the case may be—for one mustn't forget the sailors—or send these particulars, together with cheque or P.O. to Department J.B., Armour and Co., Ltd., Atlantic House, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.

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Oatine Soap represents the acme of perfection in Toilet Soaps. It being scientifically compounded from the healing and cleansing properties of Oats. It makes a soft, creamy lather, which cleans the skin thoroughly. Oatine Soap is sold by all Chemists in 10d. and 3d. Tablets.

To advertise Oatine Soap, we are distributing for a limited period 10,000 3d. tablets, absolutely free, to all sending 3d. in stamps for our Sample Outfit, containing a trial size of five different Oatine preparations, including Oatine Cream, Snow, Face Powder, Shampoo Powder, also a 50pp. Book, entitled "Beauty and Health," and the free 3d. Tablet of Oatine Soap.

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No home
will be
complete
this Xmas
without the
**BLACK CAT
WAR GAME**

The Game

For Xmas

It will be played in every Camp where Kitchener's new Army is being trained.

It is, without question, the game of the season. Easy to play as draughts or dominoes, the youngsters will enjoy it as they learn the lessons of strategy in war, and emulate their soldier brothers fighting their way to Berlin. As full of absorbing interest as bridge or chess, the older folk will find the long winter evenings all too short when the home is provided with a **BLACK CAT WAR GAME**.

You couldn't send a more acceptable Christmas present to your own soldier "boy" getting ready for the front.

The Black Cat War Game consists of a hinged board 19½ inches by 10½ inches, printed in seven colours, twenty-two pieces or men (no dice), and book of rules. It is not a toy or a "catch," but a genuine game, the equal of most sold at Half-a-Crown.

SEND 30 COUPONS from Black Cat Cigarette packets and 2d. stamps for postage, and address your letter: **WAR GAME, Black Cat Cigarettes, City Road, London.**

Black Cat

CIGARETTES

MILD 10 for 3d.

MEDIUM 10 for 2½d.

You must send early if you want it in time for Christmas, as the demand is already so great that it takes two or three days to execute orders.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE —"

IMMEDIATE HELP FOR DEPENDENTS OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

The object of our present Fund is to afford immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors now fighting for their country, and who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are at present stranded for want of money. We do not trouble ourselves about marriage or birth certificates, or clergymen's references, or anything of that kind; but wherever we find the dependent of a soldier or sailor in distress, we at once afford temporary relief—giving anything from £1 to £5, according to the circumstances of each case. We also in exceptional instances make grants to civilians suffering from the effects of the war.

The following is a synopsis of typical cases relieved during the past week:—

A reservist of the Middlesex Regiment was present at the battle of Mons. During the retreat he became ill. The retirement lasted five days; during the whole time he could not see a doctor. When regiment halted he was seized with hemorrhage, and was sent home to be discharged from the service, certified as suffering from tuberculosis. Spent some time in hospital, and now receives pension of 8s. 9d. a week. Is married, with four children.

Married man, dismissed from work upon outbreak of war, enlisted in South Wales Regiment. Three weeks later was sent to India, leaving wife £5 in debt. When she got separation allowance she made every effort to pay what was owing, but with five children found it absolutely impossible.

Woman has invalid husband and eight children—two serving in Army. When case brought to our notice, all family had to live upon was 13s. 6d. a week, earned by the poor mother. A boy of 14 years is, however, about to go out to work. The Prince of Wales' Fund helped for a couple of weeks, and then discontinued without any reason being given.

"Unofficial" wife of Royal Naval Reservist. Four children under 14 years of age. Woman unable to work. In receipt of small allowance from Soldiers and Sailors Families' Association, quite inadequate to keep body and soul together.

Another "unofficial" wife of a soldier at the front—fortunately with no children—is a confirmed invalid. As her separation allowance insufficient for her wants, we supplemented it by small donation.

Royal Naval Volunteer Reservist enlisted on August 7th and went to Antwerp, where he was wounded and captured by the enemy. Is now a prisoner of war in Germany. Wife applied for money which was owing to her, not having received a penny for four months. Was told by the Admiralty that, as her husband had not signed any allotment of pay, she was not entitled to any. We have rendered help to her and the two children, and passed the case along to the S. and S.F.A.

Mother of three sons now serving at the front—one of whom got into difficulties before proceeding to France, on account of his mother not getting her separation allowance. The old lady now in receipt of her full Government allowance, but as she has been forced to contract debts owing to delay we came to her assistance.

Widow for the past six years, injured during her employment, endeavoured to recover compensation, but lost case. Son gunner and signaller in the R.G.A. Great difficulty in receiving her separation allowance. Have rendered her help.

Upon outbreak of war Englishman was in business in Paris; wife living in this country. All sources of income having dried up, wife and children went to live with her parents, but not before the landlord had distrained upon her goods. Husband serving with the French army.

Every patriot should wear the "John Bull" Badge, 1s. Ask for it at your Newsagent's.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

C. W. B., 1s.; W. K. T., 2s. 6d.; H. G., 6d.; "One of the Boys," 3s.; A. McL., 1s.; A. H., 2s.; S. A. L., 2s. 6d.; "A Working Man," 3s. 6d.; H. H., 1s.; J. T. and F. G., 5s.; J. L., 1s.; J. McG., 2s.; X. Y. Z., hospital letters; A. McG., 1s.; T. H. F., 7s. 6d.; G. S., 1s.; A. J., 6d.; J. D. Y., 1s.; Mr. B., 10s. 6d.; T. S. T. (Brecknock), 5s.; Dr. J. R., 1s.; C. F. (Liverpool), 10s.; A. G. (Windsor), 2s. 6d.; H. J. R., parcel; W. W. (Durban), 2s. 5d.; "J'Espere," 1s.; H. V. G., 4s.; J. P., 6d.; "Widow's Mite," 1s.; E. S., 1s.; "A" (Plymouth), 1s. 1s.; Mrs. H., 4s. 6d.; C. S., 2s. 6d.; "A Soldier's Wife," (Weymouth), 2s. 6d.; F. M. (Broughton), 1s.; N. C., 10d.; The Employees of C. W. (Limehouse), 11s.; J. S., 1s.; R. W. W., 1s. 4d.; B. T., 2s.; L. R. A. M., 3s. 6d.; R. C., 1s.; W. B., 1s.; M. S., 1s.; "Lamorna," 2s.; "Joan and Jack," 2s.; Mrs. R., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. P., 2s.; F. B. L., 6s.; S. B., 2s. 6d.; "Rejected One," 10s.; "N. G. 51," 10s.; "Business Woman," 10s.; "Brummie," 2s.; D. M. F., 2s.; The Children of "Constant Reader," 1s.; W. P., 1s.; W. McN., 1s.; G. W. R., 6d.; G. W., 6d.; "Mother and Elsie," 2s.; J. H., 1s.; "Xmas," 5s.; The Stewards and Cooks of the s.s. *Panoras*, 1s.; F. S. S., 1s.; F. V. St. C., 5s.; "Cuisiniere," 10s.; "Mac," 5s.; F. M. (Chilwell), 5s.; "Policeman and His Mate," 3s.; J. S. (Ravenscourt Park), 2s.; "Anon," 1s.; T. G., 1s.; P. C. L., 1s.; H. B. H., 6d.; H. R. D., 1s.; G. P. L., 2s. 6d.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; F. A., 2s. 6d.; J. H., 5s.; W. B. (Barrow-in-Furness), 2s. 6d.; H. E. R., 1s.; "Nellie," 5s.; T. L., 1s.; A. M., 1s.; "Sunjon," 1s.; W. F. D., 1s.; Anon., parcel; Anon. (Edinburgh), parcel.

"JOHN BULL'S" CHRISTMAS CHARITIES.

STILL TIME TO REMEMBER THE GENERAL POOR.

For some years past it has been our habit to appeal to the generosity of our readers to enable us during the Christmas season to distribute gifts of food, clothing, toys, etc., amongst the London poor.

Our system has been to apply the gifts entrusted to our charge in the purchase of meat, bread, groceries, coal, etc., by means of orders upon local tradesmen.

We also appeal for left-off clothing of all shapes and sizes, toys for the little ones, and the same remark applies to oranges, sweets, crackers—in short, to anything likely to bring a little happiness and sunshine during Christmas time into the homes of the poor.

Gifts of money will be gratefully received at 93, and 94, Long Acre, but all parcels of goods should be sent to our Central Depot, 149, Mare Street, N.E.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

F. L. (York), 2s. 6d.; "Mac," 5s.; "Over Age," 2s. 6d.; "Malmesbury," 5s.; M. S., 1s.; "Lincoln Depot Canteen," (per H. M.), 10s.; A. P., 6d.; T. S. T. (Brecknock), 5s.; "Rabid Teetotaller," 2s. 6d.; Mr. B. (Harrogate), 10s. 6d.; E. C. P., 1s.; B. G., 1s.; J. S., 2s.; R., 5s.; A. L., 2s.; "An Admirer," (Hove), 2s. 6d.; H. K., 1s. 6d.; E. T., 2s.; E. B., 5s.; F. K. (Douglas), 2s.; S. B. G., 10s.; P. W., 10s.; L. M. (Deal), 2s. 6d.; J. W., 2s.; K. C. (Stepney), 1s.; C. F. (Liverpool), 10s.; "H3," 7s. 6d.; H. G., 17s. 10d.; H. B. T., 2s. 6d.; S. B., 2s. 6d.; F. B. L., 4s.; "Forgotten Bullet," 7d.; "Olive," 5s.; V.A.D. Member, 1s. 6d.; "Constant Reader," 10s.; "A Friend," 2s. 6d.; "A Working Girl," 5s.; J. J., 1s. 1d.; W. C., 5s.; "Tactford," 1s.; "Anon" (Northallerton), 2s. 6d.; A. E. K., 2s.; Mrs. L., 6d.; "Railway Clerk," 5s.; Mrs. E., 2s. 6d.; A. K. M., 1s.; "2 Imps," 5s.; Miss N. S., 2s.; M. E. W. (Tatsfield), 2s.; "Rosyth," 1s.; J. L. C., 2s. 6d.; C. S. D., 21s.; M. D., 1s.; "Constant Reader," 2s.; "Medical," 10s. Parcels of clothing, toys, sweets, etc., from Miss M., M. M., Mrs. M. J. D., Mrs. A., F. A. S., Mrs. J. G. S., A. E. B., N. E. H., "Sailor's Widow," Mrs. M., D. W., "Millom," Mrs. H., Mrs. C. H., "Harry and Malcolm," "Bedlington Terrier," "Anon," Mrs. J. E. L., W. W., "Constant Reader." Messrs. Josiah R. Neave and Co., 1 gross 4d. packets of Neave's Food.

Cheques and postal orders should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co." Every postal order should be crossed.

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Parliamentary Representative: H. G. CHANCELLOR, Esq., M.P. Secretary: Miss BEATRICE E. KIDD.

ADVICE TO RECRUITS: INOCULATION AGAINST TYPHOID.

Recruits are reminded that inoculation against Typhoid (Enteric) is not compulsory in the Army. This is vouched for by Lord Kitchener himself.

WHAT THE INOCULATION IS.

Sir Almroth Wright's vaccine is a preparation of dead typhoid bacilli, or what are alleged to be "typhoid germs." It was adopted as a result of the cruel and fallacious method of experimenting on living animals, popularly known as vivisection. It was found that no animals except apes could take typhoid fever.

In Fraser's "Manual of Immunology" we find the following (page 165):—

"Working with anthropoid apes—the only laboratory animals which can be made to contract typhoid fever—they [Metchnikoff and Beudant] have shown that it is impossible to vaccinate them against the fever by means of dead bacilli."

It is rather curious, therefore, that the War Office authorities and leading advocates of vivisection should believe in Wright's vaccine, which is thus demonstrated as a useless preparation by the very method in which they believe.

FACTS BEFORE

"AUTHORITY."

Inoculation is presented in its most favourable light by four questionable methods, all of which are adopted by its advocates.

- (1) By concealing important facts about Sanitation.
- (2) By introducing a new title of disease—"paratyphoid"—under which to class inoculated men and so take them out of the genuine count.
- (3) By publishing false and conflicting figures.
- (4) By attributing to the inoculation a reduction in the disease which took place before it was used.

THE BOER WAR.

In the Boer war wholesale inoculation did not prevent a heavy mortality from typhoid fever. There were more deaths from enteric than from the Boer bullets. Dr. Melville, of the Natal Field Force, wrote to "The British Medical Journal" on April 20th, 1901:—"Complications among the inoculated soldiers were more numerous, the duration of the fever longer, and the death-rate higher."

If the claims for inoculation were true, the above experience would have been impossible.

Mr. W. H. Power, of the Local Government Board, questioned by the Royal Commission on Vivisection about Wright's vaccine, said:—"We have never used it. You will remember its value was disputed among the military authorities in South Africa," etc.

THE RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR.

The Medical Report of the War Office concerning this war, says:—"No prophylactic inoculations are being practised in the Army with regard to enteric fever. Professor Kitasato has advised them, but the Army Medical authorities refuse to allow them until they are better satisfied as to the results of Wright's prophylactic treatment."

THE PRESENT WAR.

Inoculation enthusiasts will undoubtedly follow their usual practice and claim the good bill

of health enjoyed by our soldiers for inoculation. But Sir Thomas Barlow, the King's Physician, speaking at Carlton Hall on November 12, said that a method had been invented for rapid sterilization of water, so that "danger from water had been almost eliminated. The result had already been seen in the practical non-existence of typhoid among the troops in the field. We have learnt much since the Boer war, and if there is one thing in which our military capacity has come out, it is in the matter of our sanitary arrangements."

THE MORAL.

The non-existence of typhoid in the Army depends solely upon the purity of the water supply, good sanitary arrangements, and the resisting power of the soldier. That resisting power is not likely to be increased by putting matter from a diseased source into a healthy body.

RESULTS OF INOCULATION.

Medical men have been compelled to certify as medically unfit men whose health has been seriously injured by inoculation.

The *Finchley Press*, of November 13th, 1914, reports:—

"Drill-Instructor Nichols, of 42, Sedgemere Avenue, who was well known in Finchley, has passed away at the age of 51, as the result of the after-effects of inoculation. A big, strong, healthy-looking man, the news will come as a surprise to those who knew him."

The death certificate states the cause of death as follows:—

- (1) Anti-typhoid vaccination.
- (2) Pneumonia.

(Septic pneumonia followed the inoculation.)

(This unfortunate victim of a medical fashion had allowed himself to be inoculated as an "example," in order to reduce the men's opposition to what he believed to be compulsory for those who wished to see foreign service. Our men are willing to face death by the Germans; must they agree to be killed by doctors?)

The following colloquy took place in the House of Commons on November 27th:—

Mr. Chancellor asked the Under-Secretary of State for War whether he is aware that the death, on 4th November, of Corporal Herbert Nichols, 3rd City of London Reserve, who resided at 42, Sedgemere Avenue, East Finchley, was certified to be due to anti-typhoid vaccination; and whether he proposes to put a stop to operations on otherwise perfectly healthy soldiers, which are causing deaths and suffering in our own country?

The Under-Secretary of State for War (Mr. Tennant): I am informed that the cause of death was pneumonia.

Mr. Chancellor: Have inquiries been made?

Mr. Tennant: I have given my hon. friend the official information.

Mr. Chancellor: I can assure the right hon. gentleman that his information is wrong.

Mr. Tyson Wilson: Will the right hon. gentleman call for a certificate?

Mr. Tennant: I will have further inquiries made.



DR. GRAM-HUN BARS THE WAY.

(A Cartoon which illustrated the leading article in "The Abolitionist" for October.)

THE ABOLITIONIST

is a 24-page Illustrated Magazine which contains topical articles on every phase of the Vivisection Question—Moral, Scientific, Utilitarian, etc.

Price 2d. Monthly.

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Proofs of the above are provided in pamphlets and leaflets published by the British Union, which will be sent free to any inquirer. The semi-compulsion which is being exercised in the case of anti-typhoid inoculation is only the thin end of the wedge. Other inoculations are being urged, and may, unless resisted, ultimately become compulsory. Recruits! The Government has granted you liberty of conscience. Insist on your rights! The man who will stand up for Liberty, Truth, and Principle in the face of tyranny and abuse, threats and punishment, before his company is a hero worthy of the British Army. No true Patriot will discourage such a man. Unauthorised tyranny hinders recruiting.

LAYS OF A LOWLY LONDONER.

THE NIGHT ALARM.

We were just settling down in a village;
Which we'd won after many a fray,
And a watch was set up in the end house,
To be guarded by night and by day;
Now we had the night watch, it happened,
The time which is ghostly and black,
They left just the three of us to it—
There was me, there was Jim, there was Jack.

First three nights we passed rather peacefully,
The only one rorty was Jack;
He was cook, and got mad when a "coal box"
Blew away the old chimney and stack;
So this fourth night he chucked all the cooking,
Says he, "I'm off out for a stroll,"
We begs of him not to be foolish,
But his was a dare-devil soul.

And off he strolls into the darkness,
The fog and the mud and the wet,
But we hears his voice, all of a sudden—
It's a nightmare I'll never forget;
"Halt! Who goes there?" he was shouting;
And soft words came, "Steady, my man!
What reg'ment's yours?"—all in good English;
But there! it was part of the plan.

Old Jack says, "The Middlesex," thinking
The officer one of our lot;
Next Jack he cries, "Damn!"—then a rumpus;
And then they were going it hot,
For I happen to know Jack's a handful,
He'll fight with his foot, tooth, and arm;
There was dozens all trying to choke him,
But he kicks, and he screams the alarm!

So I knew what he meant, and my rifle
I nps and I fires—pitter-pat,
To Jim I says, "Shoot, mate, and rouse 'em!"
Says Jim, "Any fool can do that!"
With his gun he jumps clean through the window;
I yells to him, "Matey, come back!"
Jim! Jim! where the doose are you going?
And Jim says, "I'm going to Jack!"

Well, that sort of nettled me rather,
I know 'twas a wrong thing to do,
My post I should not have deserted,
But I said, "So? Well, I'm coming too!"
And the pair of us nipped through that window
Like a couple of kids for a lark—
Before you could say "Holy Moses,"
We fell into hell in the dark.

There was one cove I shot; I could see him
Quite plain in the gunpowder flash,
Just as if someone flung him right at me—
Corpse and me both went down in a crash;
There was scores of hands trying to hold me,
Old Jack crying, "Flay up, my boys!"
And the German half whimp'ring in English,
"Oh, please do not make such a noise!"

Now somehow that struck us as funny,
So of course we all made the more row,
I couldn't think then what the game was,
But I've tumbled it proper by now;
They reckoned to nab Jack in silence,
And, when they'd put paid unto him,
They'd sneak to the house in their rubbers,
And silently do me and Jim.

But Jack, singing out like a good 'un,
And Jim quick in following suit,
Up came the whole guard in two jiffies,
And the Germans were lucky to scoot;
They left half-a-dozen behind them,
And us three, each pale as a ghost. . . .
And did we get medals? No, we got—
Reprimanded for leaving our post!

RICARDO.



THE "JOHN BULL" BRITISH CITIZENSHIP BADGE

"CIVIS BRITANNICUS SUM."

This beautiful enamel and gilt Badge, showing the Union Jack in correct colour in the centre of an elaborately enamelled circle, bearing the motto in white letters "Civis Britannicus Sum," IS THE ONLY AUTHORIZED "JOHN BULL" BADGE. It is the badge every true patriot should wear in his coat—the badge that stands for honour . . . and your country's interest . . .

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Each "John Bull" Badge has a rigid button arrangement at the back that keeps it always secure and prevents it from falling out. Also made as a brooch for ladies.

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By Appointment  to H.M.
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SEND nine penny stamps to Newhall & Mason, Nottingham, and they will send you a bottle of

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One Gallon Ginger Wine
with the addition of lump sugar.

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Brooks' New Scientific Appliance—Adjustable to any Size Person—Easy, Comfortable, Affording Instant Relief—Made for Men, Women or Children.

SENT ON TRIAL.

No Risk in ordering—Money will be refunded if not satisfied.

After thirty years' experience in curing rupture an appliance has been invented which will absolutely hold the rupture and never slip, yet is light, cool, and comfortable. It conforms to every movement of the body without chafing or hurting, and costs less than many common trusses. There are no springs, or hard, lumpy pads, and yet it holds the rupture safely and firmly without pain or inconvenience. We make it to your measure, and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, and we have put our price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it.

"I AM PERFECTLY CURED!"

Smith's Shop, Kingstone,
Hereford.

C. E. Brooks, Esq.

Dear Sir,—For over 20 years I have suffered from rupture. During that period I have spent pounds in seeking a remedy. When I heard of you I had doubts, for I thought it would be simply another case of failure and expense. Just over six months ago I decided to give you a trial, and I found relief very quickly. But the best of all, I am pleased to inform you that for over two months I have not used the Appliance, for I am perfectly cured. I am a blacksmith, and can do all the heavy work without being troubled in any way. Please accept my best thanks.

Yours very gratefully,
THOMAS PHILLIPS



From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself and whose experience has since benefited thousands. If ruptured write to-day.

"I CONSIDER I AM CURED!"

66, Grove Street,
Freehold, Rochdale.

Mr. Brooks.

Dear Sir,—It is with pleasure I write you these few lines to inform you that I have been successful with your Appliance. I consider I am cured of rupture, having done without it for six weeks, and only having had it on five months, after having tried four years with other remedies. I shall be pleased to be of service to you when an opportunity comes my way.

Thanking you for the good you have done me,

Yours gratefully,

THOMAS HOWARTH.

P.S.—The Appliance is as good to-day as when I got it from you.

We have received thousands of letters like these from grateful patients the world over. This Appliance gives instant relief, and effects permanent cures when everything else has failed. Remember, we use no salves, no harness, no lies. Fill in the attached coupon and post to-day, and we will send you free our illustrated Book on Rupture and its Cure, showing the Appliance, and giving the names of many people who have tried it and are extremely grateful. If in London, call at our Consulting Rooms at corner of Portugal Street. Experienced attendants for both ladies and gentlemen.

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Please send me by post, in plain wrapper, your illustrated Book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of rupture.

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ADDRESS
Please write plainly.

CONSUMPTION.

More Marvellous Recoveries.

A further list containing names and addresses of a few more ex-victims of the great White Plague, Consumption, and many of them were looked upon as being far advanced and hopeless cases:—

Mr. A. H. Hollands, 251, High Street, Chatham.

Mr. Alfred Foster, 177, Lewisham Road, Lewisham.

Mr. Thos. Cousin, Mickley Moor, Prudhoe, Northumberland

Mrs. H. Bowen, 38, Malden Road, Acton, W.

Mr. Wm. Mills, 25, Crooked Billet, Wimbledon

Miss Doulton, 1, Rowlands Cottages, Coldharbour Lane, Waddon, Croydon.

Mrs. Willy, James Street, Blaby, Leicester.

Daughter of Mrs. H. White, Broad Street, Enderby, Leicester.

Mrs. S. Moore, Bell Lane, Fosdyke, Boston, Lincs.

Mr. McDonnell, Porphy, Lisnaska, Co. Fermanagh, Ireland.

Son of Mrs. Millington, 3, West Avenue, Woodlands, near Doncaster

Mr. W. C. Conquest, 170, Westmoreland Road, Walworth, S.E.

Miss M. F. Bowden, 23, Gloucester Road, Trowbridge, Wilts.

Mrs. Wigley, 43, Broughton Street, Battersea, S.W.

If you doubt it, write yourself to one, any, or all of them for direct evidence. They, among hundreds of others, have got a new lease of life by taking Stevens Consumption Cure. If you are suffering from this scourge of the human race, send to-day for a free sample supply of this self-same life-giving substance. The personal advice of Mr. Stevens himself is also at your command. A postcard or letter to 206, Worple Road, Wimbledon, will bring you a free sample and full particulars without any charge whatever.

UNTIL you have visited Selfridge's new PROVISION SECTION you

cannot realize to what extent modern scientific methods of storing and displaying edibles can help you in the task of buying your food supplies. Everything has been planned in this new section (which is opposite the main building) to add to the comfort and convenience of the customer. Come in TO-DAY and look round.

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A "NEW SUIT" FOR 3s. 9d.

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That is what we offer; and you cannot get the same work for less.

WE REPAIR,

Press, Cleanse and revive the cloth of a Suit (including dress suit) or Overcoat for **3s. 9d.**

Delivery free 10 miles from Charing Cross; beyond, rail or post clothes to us and we pay carriage back.

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31 to 40 Great College Street, London, N.W.

Write for prospectus and our monthly paper, Valetty.
Money Back if Not Satisfied.

JOHN BULL ON SENTRY GO.

THE LADY "VISITOR."

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"Oh, er—I'm supposed to say 'Friend,' am I not?"

"Advance, friend, and give the countersign!"

"One-and-eleven-three!—what am I saying? How stupid of me! Oh, the countersign. Now, let me see, what is it, now? You'll think me awfully foolish—I had it on the very tip of my tongue this very minute! How absurd! Oh, I know—er—Civet—or something like that, isn't it? Do tell me if I'm wrong! I should be so much obliged."

"Halt, madam! Let your tongue stand easy for a moment. What is your business?"

"Oh, I'm one of the visitors for the Fund, you know—"

"Madam, I do not know. I am asking you."

"Really, I should have thought you would have known! I visit the homes of the soldiers who are on active service, you know, and cheer up their wives and other dependents, help and advise them. No one could be more tactful than I am. I call on a soldier's wife, for example, who may have appealed to the Committee for assistance. I ask her how many children she has, and tell her what a pity it is she has so many, else she could give up her house, sell off most of her furniture, go into a couple of unfurnished rooms, and go out to work whilst her husband was away, instead of having to apply to the Fund for assistance."

"H'm! And how are your kindly observations received as a rule, madam?"

"Sometimes very, very rudely. That class are so ungrateful. Some women have actually had the audacity to say the country ought to maintain them and their children entirely, whilst their husband was away fighting for it! Did you ever? Others are more respectful, and say 'Yes'm, quite so, mum; I'm very sorry, mum!' But there are very few so submissive."

"I am glad to hear it, madam. I am glad to know that as a rule the British soldier's wife has got some British spirit."

"Oh, yes—er—quite so. But—er—really, some of them are a little too—you know. Some of them are actually offended when I ask them whether they keep their children clean! Did you ever hear of such a thing! And when I ask them whether they drink—well! Talk about temper? You wouldn't believe it! They are sometimes positively rude to me!"

"Madam, I'm glad to hear it!"

"Glad to hear it? I—I do not understand."

"I may explain presently. Now, tell me, how do you treat them as regards financial assistance?"

"Oh, most liberally! If their separation allowance is very much in arrears I perhaps give them a food ticket for four shillings or so every week—on the strict understanding, of course, that they pay it back when they get their money."

"WAT? Pay it back?"

"Certainly. It does not do to pamper them, you know. It is our duty to encourage the poor to be thrifty."

"Which you do by making it impossible for them to be otherwise."

"Of course. It is so simple, is it not? You see, if we gave them too much money they would be sure to spend it in drink, neglect their homes and children, and sink into all sorts of evil courses."

"I imagine you, yourself, madam, are comfortably off."

"Well—er—yes, I suppose I may say I am nicely situated. I have a—er—little independency, you know."

"Have you ever given way to drink?"

"Sir!"

"I say, have you ever given way to drink, or any other form of debauchery?"

"Sir, you are insulting! I—"

"Is it any more insulting to you than to the soldiers' wives of whom you ask the same question?"

"I have some self-respect, sir."

"And soldiers' wives have none, eh? I see. Now, tell me; how do you deal with the many faithful but unofficial wives of heroes who are fighting for us?"

"Sir!! How dare you?!!—!"

"Sergeant, have this woman carried into the guard-room and try to bring her round. She has fainted. A shock to that delicate organ, her modesty, I fancy. Then pass her out of the lines."

SOLDIERS and SAILORS need Handkerchiefs!

Give them EXCELDA HANDKERCHIEFS.

A genuine, durable and
satisfactory article, soft
and ready for use.

UNION JACK and KHAKI
STYLES, as well as many other
attractive designs.

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Be sure you get EXCELDA.



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All Winter!**

As an article of diet "Milkmaid Cream" is even more valuable in the cold weather than in the warm. Best of all its price never alters all the year round. "Milkmaid" is just PURE, RICH, THICK CREAM without preservatives of any kind. It is delicious with bottled, tinned dried, or stewed fruit—especially with figs or prunes, and it is just as excellent with porridge or other cereal.

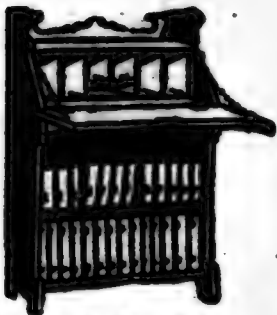
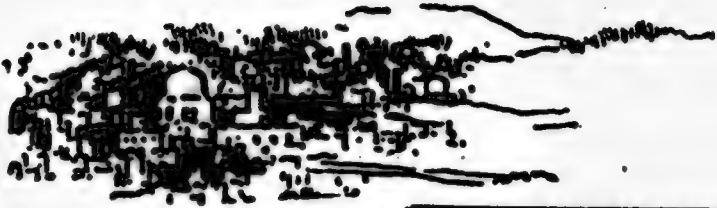
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DOMIGO A RECOGNISED REMEDY FOR ALL BLOOD DISEASES, WHETHER ACQUIRED OR INHERITED.

A purely South African Vegetable Medicine, free from all poisonous ingredients. Acts as a tonic and builds the system. Obtainable at 2/6 and 6/6 per bottle. DOMIGO Strengthening Food 1/6 and 2/6 per tin; DOMIGO Medical Skin Soap, 9d. per tin; 2/- per box of 3 tablets; DOMIGO PILE PILLS, 4/3 per box. Post free from THE DOMIGO CHEMICAL CO. Dept. J.B., 168, Aldersgate Street, London, and 40 Pritchard St., Johannesburg. Write for free booklet.



Fumed Oak Bureau,
2 ft. 2 in. wide, 3 ft. 6 in.
high, 9 in. deep. Excep-
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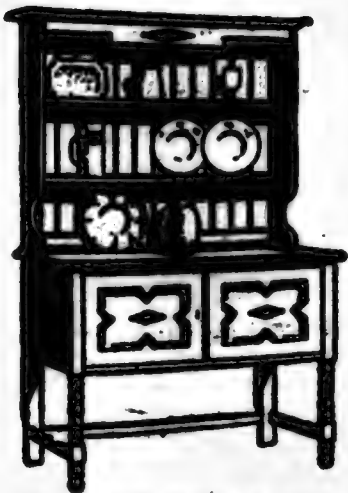
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Easy Chair, double sprung,
sumptuously upholstered and
covered in art tapestry to
customer's choice. An excep-
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A well-made Dresser in Oak,
finished a rich antique, 6 ft. 4 in.
high, 3 ft. 6 in. wide. Excep-
tional bargain. £3 17s. 6d.

When you see PRZEMYSŁ—

or any other weird collection of letters on the price label of a piece of furniture—you can be sure there is some hidden reason

why the real price is not marked in plain figures. At the "Midland" we are only too glad to let you read, at your leisure, all the prices of all the £100,000 worth of superb furniture on view. We want you to compare those prices with what you would be charged elsewhere for furniture of anything like the same quality; to convince yourself that

Money buys more at the "Midland."

Write for the "Midland" Book of Furniture. It contains over 1,000 photographs of furniture actually taken inside the "Midland" Salons, beautiful, substantial furniture which you can get on the famous Ideal Terms—and every price is printed in plain figures. Write for the "Midland" Book to-day.

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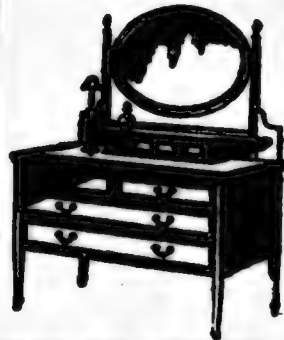
on Ideal Terms becomes the absolute property of the wife in the event of the death of the purchaser. All furniture thus purchased is also insured against fire free.

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Handsomely finished Sheraton style Mahogany Bedroom Suite, comprising 4 ft. Wardrobe with bevelled oval mirror in door and drawer at foot, Dressing-chest with bevelled swing mirror at back, Washstand with marble-top and tiled back. Complete, with 2 cane-seated Chairs. £14 14s. 6d.

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"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

(The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.)

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AUTHORS and ARTISTS submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write name and address upon the back of their work. The Editor cannot accept any responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work WHEN STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IS ATTACHED TO THE MANUSCRIPT.

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.

LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor or the Publisher, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters. FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL and SPORTING inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and, except in the case of the last named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for a shilling. All communications should be directed to 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

H. C. (Barmouth), C. P. L. C. (Newcastle) and OTHERS.—We must not tell you to what incident our recent "Candid Communication" to Mr. Churchill referred, or we might get into trouble!

G. S. (Ashby-de-la-Zouch).—Very audacious! Your postal order for a shilling has been placed to our War Relief Fund.

"H3" (Scarborough).—Many thanks for the gold pin. The Jumble Sale is for the benefit of the dependents of our soldiers and sailors.

H. F.—At fourteen you ought to be keen on the Boy Scouts or something, instead of snivelling like a girl over the casualty lists. Be a "boy," else you'll never be a "man."

"ESSEX" (Clandeboye, Down).—We never offered 100 to 1 that the war would be "over in about 3 weeks." Give us credit for decency if not for sense.

"A SOLDIER'S WIFE" (London, W.). writing in defence of her honour and the honour of other soldiers' wives, says: "We do not drink, but lay awake half the night, wondering where they are; no one knows the anxiety, only those who have their nearest and dearest out there." We believe you. But it takes a lot to silence slanderous tongues, and they are wagging very busily just now.

B. C. (Canden Town, N.W.).—Surely you have seen our frequent protests against the absurdity of early closing of public houses in many districts? It is the work of the extreme teetotal party, who would gladly see all licensed premises closed for ever, indifferent to the hardships in which such a course would involve thousands of respectable people engaged in the trade.

"BILLY THE BULLY" (Seaham Harbour) sends two Iron Crosses for presentation to "Herr Kur Hardie" and "Herr Ramsay Macdonald." They are at their disposal whenever they care to call.

Mrs. H. (Stoke Newington) has sent four parcels and sundry letters to her husband at the front. He has received the letters but not the parcels. Bang have gone 12s. out of her small War Office allowance! There must be some Huns still in the Post Office, busily looting. Will the hopeless Hobhouse ever wake up?

Mrs. P. (Wisbech) has written her husband at the front every week, and sent him cigarettes. He tells her he has not heard from her for eleven weeks. Makes a man anxious, with all these nasty puritans prowling about the country looking for reputations they can devour. If there are many more such complaints, Hobhouse must go.

Mrs. A. M. F. (Strome Ferry, N.B.) saw a wounded soldier, who was travelling home from hospital without a ticket, roughly treated by a ticket collector, although he produced his pay-book and proffered his name and address. She thinks these young, able-bodied collectors would be better employed punching Germans than purchasing tickets. Hear, hear! And let the lads in khaki travel free.

THE MAYOR (Ilkeston).—We congratulate ex-Superintendent Daybell's bull-dog "Chummy" on collecting over £20 in aid of Princess Mary's Soldiers' and Sailors' Christmas Gift Fund, and thank your Worship for sending us a photo of the fine animal.

"MARGARET" (Newry).—Sorry we cannot say whether or when soldiers composing any particular camp will go into the firing line. We believe they could not tell you themselves.

A. C. (Blandford).—Thanks for sight of the letter, threatening legal proceedings, sent you by the Bosch Magneto Co., Ltd., but it would be necessary for us to read the correspondence which led up to it to properly get the hang of the case.

W. P. (Ferndale).—At the risk of making a Maltese cross, we beg to inform you that there is no such force as a "Maltese Navy."

Mrs. W. G. (Harborne).—Can we recommend you "a cocoa of English make where German men and girls are not employed"? Cocoa is a beverage (!!) we never recommend.

H. S. (B'ham) says the only difference he can see "between Billy the Normhun and Billy the Germhun is that one won and the other won't." Good. The one landed and the other will be.

JIMMIE SAMSON (Bo'ness).—Sauerkraut is a beastly mess of sour cabbage, fit food only for riums and swine.

P. A. de N. (Surbiton).—We have carefully noted your statement concerning the Institut W. Schimndlpieng, now known as the Bradstreet Co.

"BRANCH SECRETARY" (Wandsworth) informs us that a meeting of the London and Provincial Union of Licensed Vehicle Workers (Wandsworth Branch) registered "its disgust at the authorities' action in placing the dependents of our fellow workers, who are at the front, under the surveillance of such a despotic body as the police, and we take the same as a gratuitous insult, and call upon the Government to immediately withdraw this obnoxious measure." We have no amendment to move.

A. E. B. (Forest Hill, S.E.).—Has the Helping-Hand Stores (Manchester) ever been brought to our notice? We receive tons of their Yankee letters and circulars sent on to us by cautious readers.

H. L. (Ealing, W.).—Your experience as a depositor in the Civil Service Bank, Charing Cross Road, has been duly registered amongst the archives.

A. M. E. (Haslings).—We are inclined to think that your friend, the "N.C.O. in a Volunteer Naval Anti-Air Craft Corps," was pulling your esteemed leg when he told you of a "pom-pom" gun posted at the bottom of Temple Lane to repel aerial invaders.

"REJECTED RECRUIT."—The £1 note you so kindly sent was duly placed to the credit of our War Relief Fund. Many thanks.

W. D. H. (Wimbledon Park, S.W.).—If we have done the "All British Trades Association," of 231, Strand, any injustice in our article "Crown Cadgers," we are prepared to consider any representations they may care to make to us on the subject. Your remarks respecting "Christian work," &c., and side glances at the Editor's life, having nothing to do with the case, we beg to ignore.

A. H. (On Active Service) says "J.B." is his "favourite read" in the trenches, and reminds him of the old homeland. Best of wishes for his safe return.

T. H. (Ashford).—A very interesting picture postcard. As you say, our placard, "What Seely Fools" now looks more impressive than ever.

"4936" (On Service).—You see, all these things have to be left to the military authorities. No doubt the War is costly, but we shall all shoulder the burden, whatever the cost, as cheerfully as we can.

"11796" (Windsor) says it was our article, "Brother, what of the Day?" which sent him to the Recruiting Office. Many of his grievances as a recruit apply to thousands besides himself, but—

R. G. R. (Dumbarton).—"Traders are taking 1s. 8d. more for tea and the Government are only taking 3d. more in the £; can you say where the fifteen pence is going?" We might, if we could understand you.

W. F. (New Cross).—No, we don't think the Government teach motoring to men who offer their services as transport drivers. They want men already up to their work in that respect.

"NON-BULLIE" (L. Bromwich) thinks Conscription "would do England in altogether."

C. R. H. (Earlsfield) has "calculated that the Beer Tax 15s. 3d. a barrel is a bit of fat for the publicans. With most of the bit for the brewers."

"MASTER UPJOHN" (Ladbroke Grove), aged 12, sends six verses entitled "The Germhuns End," and asks us "to put them in JOHN BULL. Had not he better try *Funny Folks*?"

Mrs. WRIGHT (Plymouth) would like to know if any survivor from H.M.S. *Cressy* can give information respecting the fate of her son William, late of the Coastguard Station, Muchalls, N.B.

"DANGLER" (Norbury): "I read that 'Anxious Clarice' wants to know if the London Scottish wear knickers under their skirts. Perhaps some of the London Scottish are wondering whether Clarice—." Perhaps; but it is no affair of ours to inquire into anybody's wonder.

"JIMMY" (Isleworth).—Your verses commencing, "Oh let us smash the Kaiser, He's wanted it so bad," reminded us that our pipe wanted lighting. And a capital light they made, too.

"ULRIC" (Don rara) asks, "Why so much praise for the captain of the *Endeavour*? He did nothing very grand in capturing unarmed merchant vessels." Because, that being his particular job, he did it like a gentleman.

"EBLANA" (Dublin).—Yes, a Dublin man has secured first prize in "Bullets"—a reader from the "dear dirty" city having obtained £500 in "Bullets" Competition No. 94.

A. P. (New Southgate).—The B shareholders of the Birkbeck were paid in full, before a decision of the Court declared that they were not entitled to more than 16s. in the £. The 4s. which has to be repaid will thus go into the common pot.

O. P. (Chesham).—You must be a new reader of "J. B." or you would have known that we several times criticised the foolish people who send round the "endless chain prayer." They are usually ancient maiden ladies.

Mrs. M. S. (Glasgow), enclosing some verses on Herr Hur, says: "If the following lines are not worth a place in your valuable paper oblige me by consigning them to the—" They have been duly consigned.

Miss E. D. (Farnborough).—What is the pay of a Company Sergeant-Major in Kitchener's Army? Better not tell you. He may not want you to know.

H. C. T. (Merton).—We have read your alleged poetry. Hold out your hand.

W. S. C. (Devonport).—A lot of things are up to us also, but, apart from the Defence of the Realm Act, we have no means of testing the facts of your story.

S. W. J. (Sudan) assures us that we have the nation at our back in our fight for Business Government.

"BURNS THE SECOND" (Edin.).—Your deathless poem arrived all alive-o, and we have given it to the cat to play with until the Day of Judgment, by which time we hope to have cleared off all the war poems now stacked in our dungeons.

E. W. S. (Sandiacre).—Beware of quacks! Consult a physician for your trouble, else you will never be numbered with the Naval Brigade.

W. D. (Upper Holloway, N.).—We shall have to keep our eye on the Islington Guardians, and on the food they allow to be served out at the Workhouse. The Jack-in-Office at the Local Government Board who snubbed a complaining inmate must also be watched.

W. N. (Tottenham, N.).—The satirist of 1870, when sharpening his wit on the grandfather of the present Kaiser, touched on a family characteristic which is so conspicuous in the Berlin Butcher—that impious piety which associates God with evil deeds:—

"My darling Queen Augusta,
We've had another regular buster,
Ten thousand French sent down below—
Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

F. B. (Bristol).—Who are the men of an alien race whom Mr. Geo. R. Sims says we allow to become dominant in Society, in trade, in commerce and political affairs? Ask him. He lives "Opposite the Ducks," Regent's Park, W.

"VIATOR" (some vicarage, Grimby?).—Sorry, but we really haven't the time to decipher your extraordinary handwriting. Nevertheless, we thank you for what we may have missed.

L. W. (Tynemouth).—Quite understand your indignation at being ordered home by a rude police inspector when, in the company of your husband, you stood for a few moments chatting with a corporal. The slanderous and evil-minded puritans who infest the country are to be blamed for the insults so many women are receiving just now.

"RUTHER" (Glasgow).—It is customary for Members of the House of Commons to refer to the House of Lords as "another place," just to show their damned independence.

S. C. M. (Rotherhithe, S.E.).—Thanks for your second interesting screed. We will no more say we *laicy*, but that we are confident the British Lion (since Bull-dog likes you not) will prove more than a match for the "Beast dreadful and terrible and strong exceedingly," yeelpet Germany.

"AN LYMAE" (Prestwick Asylum) sends us some verses on the Kaiser, and informs us that he charges by the metre. We pay by the foot.

K. B. (Deptford) appeals to us to disclose the meaning of our recent reference to "the story of 'duck disease.'" We are not a medical journal—but a family one!

"HAL O' THE WYND" (Perth) begs us to "try to cultivate nobler views." "Hal's" notion of nobleness may be judged from the fact of his writing anonymously.

"CALAIS" (Brixton, S.W.).—We believe the Jews are well represented in the Army. In addition, we understand a separate Jewish battalion is being raised. They should make good soldiers. They know how to "charge."

"OGER" (Deal).—Britishers are entitled to pronounce Rheims "reemz," but the French pronunciation is something like "rance." You may use either mode, according to the company you keep.

J. M. H. (Hornsey, N.).—It does not follow that our Army in France is nourishing the enemy, although it is giving him beans.

C. W. (Blackfriars) informs us that S. C. M.'s "terrible-beast of Dan. 7 is not Billy Butcher but the Roman Empire now gone for ever." We leave them to settle it between themselves.

C. M. (Chiswick, W.) considers it more important to collar the Germans strayed than the German's trade. Why not the double event?

"LEON BOURN" (Irthlingborough).—Your duty is to stop at home and help to produce leather for the use of the Army. When all those who can leave their work without injuring the country's interests have enlisted, it will be time for you to think about it.

"LEX" (Lanarkshire).—When Shakespeare wrote of the time when "Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds in ranks and squadrons and right form of war, Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol" his thoughts were retrospective, whereas Tennyson was prophetic when he had a vision of "aerial navies Grappling in the central blue."

Mrs. T. (Blackhill).—The money you paid to Slade & Co. (otherwise Berry & Gill), of Otley Road, Bradford, is gone for ever. They are in bankruptcy, to be followed, we hope, by prosecution for defrauding the poor.

"INCENITRO" (Dundee).—As both your parents are living, and are not dependent upon you in any way, it is obviously your duty to follow your patriotic inclination and enlist.

"BOBBY" (Glasgow) writes: "Get your Bible and read Psalm 55, verses 20 and 21. Was it written for the Kaiser?" We cannot say, but it fits him to a T.

"MANLEY" asks us to "please find out if a captain of a destroyer's wife is allowed aboard with her friends." We have heard of sister ships, but never of a destroyer's wife, so cannot say.

J. L. (Prince Edward Island).—If battleships were equipped with lifeboats for all hands, would there be room to work the guns? We ask for information.

Mrs. F. E. W. (Cheshire) asks for the names of some all-British firms manufacturing woven labels and cotton wadding. She evidently intends to wage war on German trade.

A. S. (Lilliesleaf) writes: "I am not a naval strategist nor yet a genius." After reading his letter we are not so sure about that.

W. F. W. (Stottfold).—We agree that much trade was lost by us to the Germans in consequence of the unbusinesslike methods of British manufacturers, many of whom are now yel in: "Capture the enemy's trade!"

W. S. (Stoke Newington) sends us some deadly puns on French and Belgian place-names, and expresses the hope that they may be "worth a trifle." Their perpetrator deserves seven days' without the option.

"BRITISHER" (Sheffield).—A German woman, or Gerwoman married to an Englishman thereby becomes a British subject, and the police have no right to molest or treat her as an alien.

R. F. (Tidworth).—Discipline is discipline and must be maintained. Never again report the officers' stables and dung-pits clean when they are dirty.

"ECCE VERITAS" (Chadwell Heath).—You were a little too previous. The Prince of Wales is at the Front, and the King has been in the trenches.

J. O'R-G. (Edinburgh).—You are safe in wearing your combination favour—a Union Jack between stripes of green and orange ribbon—in Scotland, but in which part of Ireland would you be safe?

E. G. (Manchester) declares that if he were an Englishman and not a "Mick," he could nearly worship us. We tremble at what we've escaped.

"WINKLE" (Stackhead) puts us a poser: "To which category in your opinion does the winkle belong—fish, reptile, animal or insect, and oblige." Lend us a pin and we will investigate.

A. F. G. (Winchester).—All these faith healers, Christian scientists, and other spiritualistic quacks are humbugs and a danger to the community. We should say only a change of climate would cure your asthma and catarrh.

"ERNEST" (Leicester).—Any man who offers to teach you or anybody else singing, pianoforte-playing, and histrionic ability "with the aid of hypnotism" for two guineas is a charlatan. You will certainly be hypnotised if he gets the cash out of you.

Have you got your "John Bull" Badge yet? If not, read announcement on page 20.

PITY THE POOR EDITOR!

GEMS FROM OUR LETTER B.A.G.

"I have a copy by me of the Will of Peter the Great of Russia it was copied from a News Paper in the year 1876 I was told if I asked you you would tell me if it was any value as I should be very glad to sell it if you will send me a reply as early as you can I shall be much obliged."

"Dear JOHN BULL I have had a stack of hay burnt to the ground worth £40 the place where it stood is 2½ miles from the coast although I am writing you I don't know if my or rather this case is applicable to your coupon (Zeppelin Peril) offered to your Patrons. I cannot however definitely say that the fire was caused through Zeppelin bombs although they have been seen about here as we live 5 miles from where the stack stood. I am a ruined man. I was negotiating the sale of my Hay-stack as a help to pick me up and should my application meet your approval I might tell you it will be a god-send as I have got into debt and have been obliged to go back to a class of work I have been away from 22 years I can tell you I feel very nervous when at work as I am not so nimble as I was 22 years ago. the reason I am so late in writing is because I am away from home all the week. Yours in Anticipation."

"To settle a bet, will you kindly publish in your next paper the height of the late Mr. W. E. Gladstone, and oblige."

RACING NOTES.

During the present week there is rather more racing than usually falls to the lot of the week in which Christmas Day occurs. The meeting at Hurst Park commences to-day (Tuesday), and judging by the number of entries there should be abundance of sport. If LORD RIVERS is started for the Park Steeplechase, he should win it, though Mr. Whitaker also has Rory O'Moore engaged. In the December Hurdle, MASTER-AT-ARMS has come on a bit since Windsor, and may now turn the tables on The Last, who has already had a busy time. The Three Year Old Hurdle should be good for F. HARTIGAN'S SELECTED, the Weyhill trainer having choice of Sweet Sun, Screamer, and two others.

To-morrow (Wednesday) LORD RIVERS should secure the Molesey Steeplechase if saved for that event. In his absence, SILVER TOP will prove the best. For the Hampton Steeplechase, GEORGE B. should be worth backing. F. Hartigan's stable may take the Surrey Three-Year-Old Hurdle—the most likely candidate being SWEET SUN.

Kempton Park on Boxing Day is always a popular rendezvous, and a really excellent programme has again been arranged. The Hounslow Selling Steeplechase should be won by BRUTON, who put up two good performances on this course at the last meeting. The Maiden Steeplechase should go to VALENTINE MAHER; and if GEORGE B. runs here in preference to Hurst Park, he should win the Hampton Steeplechase. The Richmond Maiden Hurdle looks a good thing for SCREAMER*, who must be written down as the best thing of the week. He may run before at Hurst Park, and if so would look just as good there.

RESULT OF FOOTBALL COMPETITION.—NO. 8.

This is Christmas week, and what a delightful Christmas card will our cheque for £100 prove to one of our readers! It goes to—

J. S. ANDERSON,
1, Gorse-eld,
West Timperley,
Manchester,

who succeeded in forecasting 17 results correctly.

Just one error more prevented the following four competitors from sharing the big prize. They have the satisfaction, however, of dividing the £25 offered for the most correct Mauve (Mary Bull) Coupon. Each receives £6 5s. The winners are:—

Mrs. A. STUBBINGS, 12, Clydesdale Road, Romford, Essex.
— CURTIS, 66, Doncaster Road, Denaby Main, near Rotherham.

L. R. BURNS, 63, Nicholson Street, Edinburgh.

Mrs. R. GREENE, 8, Queen's Walk, Stamford, Lincs.

Make this Christmas worth remembering—win our £250 "Bullet" Prize. See page 28.

Printer's Pie.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published in this column. Should more than one competitor call attention to the same slip, the amount will be forwarded to the sender of the first letter opened. In the case of newspaper cuttings, sufficient must be forwarded to identify the name of the journal and date of issue. Envelopes to be marked "Pie" in the left-hand top corner.)

"IRISH TIMES" heading:—"German officer in a MATCH-BOX."

"GLASGOW NEWS":—"A LUNATIC ASYLUM shelled. Narrow escape of the KAISER."

"EVENING NEWS":—"In view of the probability of bad weather Mr. Robert Courtneidge has decided to admit . . . without waiting . . . all who wish for seats . . . for the performance which he is kindly giving in aid of the Evening News Fund to provide DOLLS AND TOYS FOR OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS."

"STAR":—"The most important PIECE OF NEWS in the papers to-day IS NOT A PIECE OF NEWS AT ALL."

"BURTON DAILY MAIL":—"Russian Empress at Moscow. Her Majesty the Empress Alexandra, with her daughters, has arrived at Cracow."

"LEICESTER DAILY POST":—"The right back came into collision with one of the Stoke players, fracturing his leg BELOW the ankle."

"SOUTHERN TIMES" (advertisement):—"For the largest show of bon-bons in the West see the WIDOWS at the . . . Stores."

NORWICH CHRISTMAS ANNUAL:—"Then, as though unable any longer to restrain her self-possession, she burst forth into a FLOOR of bitter tears."

"EASTERN EVENING NEWS" (advertisement):—"Wanted, at once, strong GIRL (15) as Help. WIDOW not objected to."

Bull's Eyes.

JOHN BULL'S CHRISTMAS BOXES:—

To the Kaiser—Half-a-crown.
To the Belgians—A generous "helping."
To King Albert—A page of history.
To the English Fleet—A corkscrew—to open that "bottle."
To Lord Lansdowne—An order to "Retire."
To the Wolff Press Bureau—A "sheepish" look.
To Lord Kitchener—Plenty of "raw" material to prepare.
To the Turkish Navy—Another taste of Holbrook's "sauce."
To the Russian troops—A "pronounced" success.
To the Archbishop of York—Thirty pieces of German silver.
To Mr. McKenna—A "spy"-glass.
To our Lads at the Front—Comfortable "diggings."
To Special Constables—A chance of "ar-rest."
To the Clown Prince—A "motley" collection.
To G. Bernard Shaw—A lucid interval.
To Lloyd George—Some new "roots of evil."
To von Kluck—A "puttee meddle."
To the Publicans—A little more license.
To All our Colonies—Thanks for the glad "aye."
To the Men who have joined—Good luck.
To the men who have not—Good Lord!
To All of our Readers—The Best that is Going.
To Kur von Hardi—A stool—of repentance. He'll be wanting a "seat" soon.

"The devil believes in credit," we read. Possibly, but he makes one pay "in the end."

"Bored by the Workhouse," reads a headline. Are they beginning to drill there, too?

Regiments of Dancing Dervishes are being enrolled. They are now learning the "squad-drill."

There is no foundation for the rumour that Scarborough will in future be known as Scareborough.

Despite the fact that Mr. Zangwill's new play is called "Too Much Money," we understand there will be a charge for admission.

SINGLE WEEK Contest this Time.

COUPON APPEARS ONCE ONLY.

£1000

FOR ALL-CORRECT COUPON.

£250

If One Error only

£50

For Next Best

£20

For Mauve Coupon

To give variety to our Football Competitions we are running a single-week contest this time, so there is no waiting. £1,000 is again offered for an all-correct coupon—with contingent prizes of £250 and £50. In addition, £20 will be paid for the best *Mary Bull* mauve coupon. Send as many coupons as you like, but do it now—the coupon appears this week only. Closes Friday, January 1st.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO

Is to forecast the results of the League games, to be played on Saturday, January 2nd, given on the entrance form on page 2 of our cover. Note the special method of marking your forecasts, as explained on the coupon.

£1,000 FOR ALL-CORRECT COUPON.

The sum of £1,000 will be paid to the competitor sending in an entrance form containing correct forecasts of all the matches given, played to a finish.

COUPON

and Rules on
PAGE 2 of COVER.

Should an entrance form be received giving the whole of the correct results, £250 will be paid to the competitor whose coupon shows one error only. In the unlikely event of neither the £1,000 nor the £250 being won, we shall in any event pay the cash prize of £20 to the sender of the most correct forecasts, even if only 9 or 10.

£20 "MAUVE" COUPON PRIZE.

In addition we shall pay an extra £20 cash prize for the most correct forecast sent on a *Mary Bull* mauve coupon.

By using a mauve coupon, you have the opportunity of winning not only the £1,000, the £250, or the £50, but an extra £20. Thus in any event £70 must be won.

Should a mauve coupon win, or share the £1,000, the £250, or £50, the £20 will be awarded to the sender of THE NEXT best mauve coupon. The mauve coupon will be found in this week's *Mary Bull*, now on sale.

Address "John Bull," 25, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C. Mark envelope "Football Contest No. 10."

Contest closes Friday, January 1

NO WAITING—ONE WEEK ONLY—CLOSES JANUARY 1.

THE ZEPPELIN PERIL.

Our Free Insurance (GUARANTEED AT LLOYD'S)
against Injury to Home, Limb and Life.

Our scheme for insurance against the Zeppelin Peril has been most enthusiastically received by our readers, in view of the fact that the ordinary fire, life and accident policies of the various insurance offices afford no protection against such a risk as that arising from bombs in time of war.

The arrangements which we have made provide, free of any cost, protection not only in regard to life and limb but also against damage to the home. There is no necessity to fill up any form of subscription to this journal or to affix stamps to our coupons. All you have to do is to carry with you the coupon which will be found on page 11 of our cover—after signing it, with name and address—and renew the coupon every week, so as always to have the current week's coupon filled in and up to you. Thus, this week's coupon holds good, in London and twelve miles round, until 8 a.m. on Wednesday, December 30th, and in other parts of the United Kingdom until 8 a.m. on Thursday, December 31st—the difference in dates being explained by the fact that next week's *John Bull* is published in the London District on Wednesday, and elsewhere on Thursday.

To every person injured on land by the enemy's aircraft within the United Kingdom, and who, before the time of injury, had duly filled up the coupon which will be found on page 11 of the cover of this issue, or of such coupon from any subsequent issue, during the period therein stated, we will pay, to either such person or to the person named—

As regards persons of 16 years of age and upwards.

In the event of death within 90 days	£500
In the event of injury permanently preventing such person from carrying on his or her usual occupation	£250
In the event of partial disablement	£100
For minor injury	£50

As regards persons under the age of 16 and over the age of 12—

In the event of death, the sum of	£250
In the event of total disablement	£100
In the event of partial disablement	£50
In any other case	£25

In the case of children under 12—

In the event of death, the sum of	£100
In the event of injury involving the loss of any organ or limb	£50
In the event of any other injury	£10
In the event of direct damage to Home or Contents, up to	£100

We shall not trouble about any question of "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount of the insurance to the owner of the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else.

Claims must be received by us within seven days of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim can be entertained in respect of injury to any one person, or in respect of damage to any one home—nor more than a total of £10,000 paid.

We pay the Government Stamp Duty, and we pay the premium to Lloyd's. You should fill up a similar coupon for each member of your family, and if you do not require the additional copies of our journal send them to friends abroad, or to soldiers in hospital or camp—they will be very glad to have them.

Our insurance scheme applies exclusively to British born subjects, and those of friendly Powers resident in the United Kingdom—and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians or Turks, even though "naturalised."

"JOHN BULL" AND "MARY BULL"—THE ONLY PAPERS INSURING AGAINST LOSS OF HOME, LIMB AND LIFE.

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS!

If you win £250 your Christmas will be Happier.

FIRST
PRIZE

£250

FIRST
PRIZE

10
WAR PRIZES
of **£10** each

10
PRIZES
of **£2:10^s** each

100
PRIZES
of **10^s** each

200 Prizes of **5/-**

2,000 OTHER HANDSOME PRIZES.

Bullets can only be constructed from these Examples.

THE KAISER'S COMPLAINT
COWARDLY ATTACK
ACCEPTABLE CHRISTMAS BOX
FATHER'S FAILING
AFTER THE PUDDING
SILENT PRESSURE

GIVES GENERAL SATISFACTION
SPENDING CHRISTMAS
DEMERIT A MEDAL
POLICE SUPERVISION
WANTED AT FRONT
RUNNING FIGHT

MAKING THEM PAY
WILFUL DAMAGE
A FALSE MOVE
EXPECTED ADJANCE
CHRISTMAS STOCKING
OUT OF BEST

AGAINST ODDS
WINNING HAND
A GOOD SCRAP
ARRIVING & FE
WAKING US UP
DOGGING TROUBLE

NEVER RIGHT
SHATTERED HOPES
NO LIGHT-TASK
FACING DIFFICULTIES
LOOKING SILLY
LANDLADY'S CHEEK

"Bullets" awards more Prizes weekly than any other Competition.

Closing date, Thursday, December 31st.	
Example	
Bullet	
Example	
Bullet	
(117) P.O. No.	Signed
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page iii. of cover.	Address
A Sixpenny Entry Fee Must Accompany this Coupon.	

Not more than three words may be used to construct a Bullet.

This week's Bullets Coupons will also be found in "Merry Bull," dated January 2nd.

Closing date, Thursday, December 31st.	
Example	
Bullet	
Example	
Bullet	
(117) P.O. No.	Signed
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page iii. of cover.	Address
A Sixpenny Entry Fee Must Accompany this Coupon.	

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS NO. 117," "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

Write "COMPETITION" on top left-hand corner of Envelope.

RESULT OF THIS COMPETITION WILL BE FOUND IN OUR ISSUE DATED JANUARY 16th 1915.

2,321
PRIZES VALUE
£1,000
THIS WEEK.

HOW TO MAKE BULLETS.

First choose any of our thirty examples. Then give two words or three words having some bearing on the example chosen. The FIRST AND LAST word selected MUST begin with ANY OF THE LETTERS in the example chosen. If three words are selected a 4th word can be used as the middle word.

For instance if you take the example "SHATTERED HOPES," and take the letters "P" and "R," using the word "LEAVING" as the middle word, you can make the Bullet "PUNTER LEAVING BACKCOURSE."

From the example, "FACILE DIVI CULTURA," the Bullet "TURKEY NOW" can be formed. Again, if you choose the example "NO LEOPARD TALK," using the letter "A" as initial for both the first and last word, you can make the Bullet "ASSINO FATHER'S ASSISTANCE."

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. But if both coupons are used an entry fee of one shilling must be sent. The ink will not run if the coupon is slightly warmed before being used.